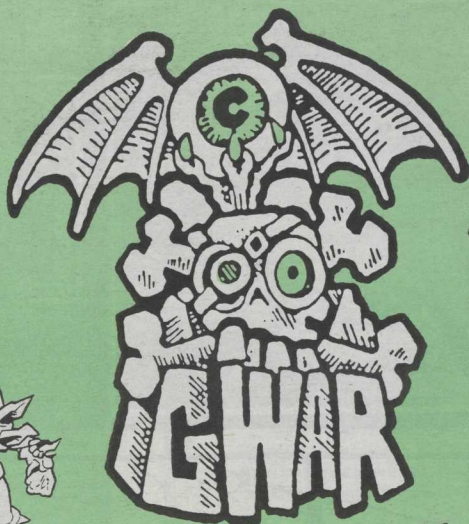


DiScORDER

AUGUST 1992

FREE



1. BALSAC THE JAWS OF DEATH

2. THE SLAVES

3. ODERUS URUNGUS

4. SLEAZY P. MARTIN

5. SLYMENSTRA HYMEN

6. JIZMACK THE GUSHER

7. FLATTUS MAXIMUS

8. BEEFCAKE THE MIGHTY

9. THE SEXECUTIONER

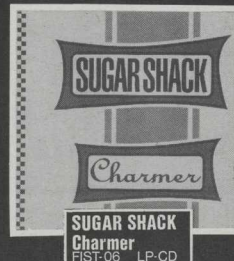
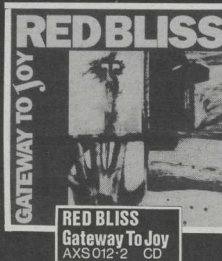
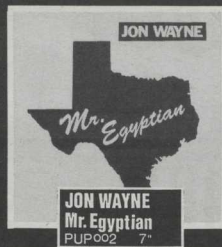
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drive like jehu

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AUGUST 1992 · ISSUE #115

"I just wanna see Ministry."
— Every single Lollapaloser.

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COVER

Match the Gwar caricature with their appropriate title, be one of the first 3 to send us a complete and correct match-up, and we'll send you some free stuff. It's easier than you think

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Discorder Copyright © 1992 by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Discorder is that magazine from CTR 101.9 FM, and is printed monthly in Canada on paper manufactured in Canada. Discorder prints what it wants to, including the CTR On The Dial program guide and the CTR Spinlist playlist charts. Circulation is 17,500 copies distributed free to over 230 locations. 12-month subscriptions are \$15 in Canada, \$15 (US) to the states, and \$24 elsewhere. Please make cheques or money orders payable to Discorder Magazine. Deadline for ads and submissions is the

15th of the month. We want your stuff—send it our way, and if we like it, we'll use it; if not, we'll lose it. "Seattle's got deml-rock stars, micro-breweries, salmon, plaid and coffee coming out of its ears, but do you think I could find some fuckin' mashed potatoes?"— scooter on a skate trip with loads.

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PRINTED IN CANADA

Life with the family Enndye. Rude awakenings, rude remarks, rude noises we hardly noticed after a while. Four of us in one room, bathroom down the cold hall below the bed and breakfast we served in 5:00 am to 2:00 p.m. Edna acquired malcolm in a pub, putting down the money for his pints, critical, bitter, randy, quick as lightning, we couldn't get rid of him. Our time off was his time on. He made me laugh against my will, I detested him. I developed the perfect poker-face. Edna never listened, Sarita couldn't understand, but one look at my my books and he knew I was the audience member to play to. I, betrayed by Burgess, Waugh, Amis, Spark, and Milligan, couldn't tune out the stream of obscenities that accompanied the 10:00 news for fear of missing out on brilliant jibe. All television with malcolm was a mine-field of high-speed vicious digs: "Who the hell is that puffed-up little prawn?" "That's Ben MacIntyre, he's top of the heap at Cambridge." "With that shag cap of scold he looks more like the top of my egg, but he tossed off his toupee and couldn't get it dry-cleaned in time." "ec. Still at it: 3 A.M. Whilst bonking Edna in the bed she shared with Santa." "Edna, how may I concentrate when your mind keeps wandering?" to Sarita "Stop bloody counting." At the pub: "Let's close this place down once and for all!" (pointing to a nearby bosom) "Hand me those Grenades." "Malcolm, I'd like you to meet my father." "Oh Sir, Daddy, tell him about your collection—" "Sir, I understand you've gone about collecting a lot of things and put them all together in a room." "er..." "Well, that's bloody marvellous! Edna, let's go home, I've forgotten my war wound. It's shut up in the pantry. Come on we'll miss our plane." "What plane, Malcolm?" "The plain we miss when we've seen too much of the attractive." Lurches into a crowd of journalists. "Sorry, I've a cramp in the old wooden leg, can't control it." looks at the buldest man there "why are you posing as ben MacIntyre, he's an utter prawn?" Back to our table, too much fun to leave "Sir, what was Gandhi really like?" etc. Edna's father was a soldier. He is very attractive. Malcolm was not. His legs, neither of which contained wood, were bandy. His nose was enormous. His eyes were poached in gin and lager. Once we went to a house-party, trooping upstairs one by one (or more) to crash out. Malcolm, full of chemicals and beer, roamed restlessly without targets for his malice. Downstairs alone he polished off the ends of our discarded drinks, cursing and giggling. Unconscious, he sagged on a couch. In time he rolled off it onto a broken lager bottle that introduced it's most prominent vein to an important vein in his neck. He did not wake up. he bled away into a dirty turkish carpet and we cannot be rid of him.

Eve enndye



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CiTR
101.9 FM



Well, now with the *Dennis Miller Show* cancelled and off the air...for now, where the hell are we going to be able to see Rollins on a regular basis? Huh, answer me that. You know we have a valid concern, especially cause Hank has that sporting *Discorder* t-shirt on his left bicep [you fucking idiot Joe Berg]. So now we're left with one less hour of quality television which will soon be gobbled up by some form of sports coverage, wooooo. Aww, we exposed to enough sports on television without the 24 Hour Coca-Cola Olympic Coverage Network?

Or maybe we could see a few more anchorpersons analyse why they knew, all along, the Ross Perot presidential campaign was a fiasco from the beginning. Sorry, but King Roeser is "The Candidate," but in retrospect, there have been, or will be, bigger money making scams than Perot's legislative fire drill...Lollapalooza is a good example.

Stick 30,000 impressionable youth in a facility that comfortably holds about 15,000, take away their right to bring in a bottle of Evian or a brick of cheese to curb the hunger! thirst they might feel later on in the day, jack up concession prices for food/drink to an hour's wage and then give them a kick in the ass as they leave the grounds, unknowingly, for the last time to fetch their wallets. At Lollapalooza they don't take American Express and they don't kiss you after they screw you.

Speaking of screwing you...if you have a really fucked old fetish, and you look hard enough, and if for some reason you really want to own Eddie [Pearl Jam crooner] Vedder's retainer you can find it in a used record store in Seattle. I'll give you a hint, the record store in question is in the U District, not far from Cellophane Square, and specializes in vinyl...lots of it.

A big "Hello!" goes out to our new readers and our long-time supporters, and "Thanks!" to all of you that picked up the All Local Issue last month (although mention of it was totally deleted from the cover thanks to our wonderful printers). With that, next month is our big Return To Fall Issue and our circulation will be going up to 20,000 once again. Features to look forward to for next month are: Jim Rose, Supersuckers, Drive Like Jehu,

Oliveluvn, Wuh Mink, Charlatans UK, Lemonheads and Juliana Hatfield (yes, we have photos. Care to buy some A7? Maybe for a couple hundred bucks and some blow. A start up...? Lick). And more!!!! [Ed:TM]

LOOK AT THAT SCRAPTOR

Dear Airhead,

More than likely, it's rare that a record label will write back to a magazine after a review of one of their releases has been published (at least for us). The way the game goes, as *Discorder* would know, you send out your release, in hopes of a positive review, if one at all. It's a tricky game. What if the record falls into the wrong hands, or if the ever-lovable rock critic is having a shitty day and decides he's going to take it out on someone's "artistic" output. It can sometimes be pretty hit and miss. It's a chance you take.

Which brings me to the July issue of *Discorder*, and Rob Roper's review of Change of Heart's *Smile* release. First off and foremost, thank you Rob hit the nail directly on the head concerning this record. He understood the record, the band, and where they're coming from. We couldn't do asked for a better review. Except...

The review stresses how unbelievable it is that Change of Heart are not signed to any label, major or independent. Excuse me? Cargosigned Change of Heart three years ago with the release of *Sogapoke*. So, no they haven't been ignored. I mean, it could be an honest mistake. Who's logo appears on the record? Who's been advertising the record in *Discorder* for the last three months? What does it say in brackets on the header? By no means is this self ego-stroke, it's just nice to be recognized for who and what you are.

Maybe a Cargo clarification is due for Mr. Roper and anyone else. Yes, Cargo Records is a large independent distributor in Canada, carrying anything from Madonna pic-discs to Drums with Guns T-shirts. But Cargo is also an in-house label, with acts such as Snfu, Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet, Asexuals, and yes, Change of Heart. We sign bands, give them money to record, promote them to our best abilities, etc. We don't "mold" our bands. They have complete artistic control, right down to ok-ing the

album artwork and advertising. We think it's a pretty good deal. We know how great Change Of Heart are, that's why we put out their records.

No finger needs to be pointed. I just want to clarify these things simply to be more at ease. *Discorder* is a fine publication, and we'll continue to support it every month with advertising and servicing, just get it right, ok?

Sincerely
Patrick Hamou
Promotion; Cargo Records

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

Dear Airhead,

Shawn Conner's interview with Kreviss in the July issue of *Discorder* is a consummate piece of rock writing. John Mackie and *Tiger Beat* look out! The only thing it lacked was a little quiz at the end to encapsulate key points. Something like...

1. Which Kreviss member(s) did Kevin not hit it off with?

- A) Sandy
- B) Fiona
- C) Donna
- D) None

2. Which Kreviss drummer possesses a hairstyling certificate?

- A) Kevin
- B) Donna

3. Does "Sandy" actually spell her name with an "t" or a "y"?

- A) How does Sandra describe Kreviss?
- B) An art thing

4. A social phenomenon as opposed to an internal musical goal that could be hindered by people's expectations?

- A) Not really punk, not really pop
- B) Like driving a car

5. Which of the following is an example of Kreviss's "do-it-yourself attitude"?

- A) They're slower than other bands
- B) They're less proficient than other bands

6. What is Kevin's favorite colour?

- A) They're slower than other bands
- B) They're less proficient than other bands

7. Which of the following is an example of Kreviss's "do-it-yourself attitude"?

- A) They're slower than other bands
- B) They're less proficient than other bands

8. Which of the following is an example of Kreviss's "do-it-yourself attitude"?

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- B) They're less proficient than other bands

14. Which of the following is an example of Kreviss's "do-it-yourself attitude"?

- A) They're slower than other bands
- B) They're less proficient than other bands

15. Which of the following is an example of Kreviss's "do-it-yourself attitude"?

- A) They're slower than other bands
- B) They're less proficient than other bands

With Matt Dillon On The Set Of The Outsiders, and "The Complete Farrah Fawcett Makeover." Don't forget to look for your life-size Scott Baio poster with your new subscription.

Dear *Discorder*,

Don't print letters praising "freedom in your press for real opinion that is lacking elsewhere" (ie. Rob's letter last issue/July '92). Why? Because you and I both know that it doesn't exist, especially in cases where ignorant, sexist, apologetic, geek-voiced members of CTR are criticized (ie. what you are looking at now). Your acceptance of Rob's compliment was dishonest (not good/bad/ something to avoid/ an act of irresponsible journalism).

Anyways, I feel a masturbatory urge cumming on and my girlfriend isn't around (ergo a rolled up copy of *Discorder* will have to do). Keep on rocking against stupidity, your little college coward,

Scotter

Society for the Advancement of Narcissistic Logic
Department of Childhood Education
Factory of Science
University of Cali
Statewide
Center of the Universe
[Although the letter was mailed from B.C.]

STURDY DUMMY HEADS



©1990 Adamson

SPOT COULDN'T BITE A PERSON TO SAVE HIS LIFE. BUT HIS SPELLING ISN'T BAD

Let's go over this one more time, we're not Sassy, thank the lord above us that we're not AF, however we are making great headway towards Tiger Beat. Look for your copy at the Comic Shop. Will the real Scooter please sign in?

MR. AND MISS HAPPINESS

Dear Airhead,

As I glanced through last month's issue I noticed that once again there seems to be a large contingent of whining by so called "alternative" types who need a good dose of reality. Now I don't want to put myself on some pink rock pedestal and dictate to you boozers but after

reading last month's letters from *Discorder*, Rob and Jim, and "I'm so industrial I wear steel gonch" Rob I just had to spew forth some criticism to all of you and anyone else in the same boat (and there's a lot of you!).

To Elsieph, who was annoyed that in a review a band's attire was complimented on and their musical abilities seemingly ignored, let me say that I have survived many a gig, even at your very own O.P. Hall in Victoria, and the one thing that the majority of these gigs had in common was really bad sound. So what's my point? Simply this, gigs are entertainment, you feel them, watch them, taste them, smell them (especially Tankhog) and occasionally you just sit back and listen. So if a band looks good, or is way out of hand on stage, and someone gets into that, then the band has accomplished their task of being entertaining. And with all the crap bands out there, that's enough. So don't get your knickers in a twist and learn to enjoy gigs and not take *Discorder* reviews so seriously.

To Rob and Jim and Mr. Industrial Rob who are whining because Luv-A-Fair and the Cruel Elsieph have supposedly become soiled by the mainstream and their little alternative secret clubhouses ruined and invaded, get a grip, get a life, get a check on reality. First, if the Cruel Elsieph and Luv-A-Fair are your only means of being

join the dreaded mainstream and get some cash... Oh yeah, if "Jesus Built My Hotrod" is an industrial song then maybe *Discorder* Rob should hang out at the Rock Cellar 'cuz they play it there too.

And finally, in closing, let's stop whining about Scooter's Courtney Love interview. Yes, in retrospect we are all aware that it could have been handled better, or not at all, but Courtney herself has spoken to Scooter and wasn't offended by the remarks so let's let it die gracefully, there are more important and crucial issues to contend with than a write up in *Discorder*. Remember it's free.

Snarky Tim

...sort of like opinions are, right?

Dear Airhead,

I, as a regular user of both the Cruel Elsieph and the Luv-A-Fair, totally emphasize with Rob and Jim and the misfortunes of having ignorant mindless preppy fools invade clubs where they have no business being, or no understanding of what is actually going on within the club.

And before you respond that I am suffering from clique rejection, in my humble view CTR and *Discorder* have become one huge elitist clique, who try to dictate what's cool and what's not. To quote I say Lighten up. Find that Good old sense of irreverent tongue in cheek humour you used to have and widen your scope of coverage. Let's have more New Wave stories, more "Mekanical Object Noise" articles, etc. etc.

But on with my tale, Picture it Tuesday night. The day before Canada Day. After waiting in line for an indeterminate amount of time at the Scuz I finally arrive on the much too crowded dance floor, only to be assaulted by these 90210 types who of all things are stage diving off the speakers. Now any one with half a brain knows that you do not stage dive off the speakers in a dance club, you stage dive at a D.O.A. or S.N.F.U. or any appropriate hardcore gig. To all you Luke Perry's who were diving at the Psychedelic Furs, you don't do it there either. They aren't a hardcore band. And I believe that is the point of what Jim and Rob were trying to make. That these type of people who are suddenly calling themselves alternative because it's the cool thing to do have no fucking clue as to what the etiquette of the whole alternative club scene is.

Now I really have no problem with these people being there but my suggestion to you is that if you really want to be there and belong and not stick out like a sore thumb and inspire the wrath of several if not all the alternative people in the city then watch what these truly alternative people are doing and do it. Then we won't have to call you names in the paper and publicly humiliate you (you know you were an ace).

Zanna Severin

Zanna can be caught daily at noon on the Art Gallery steps reading from the "What's Cool and What's Not" *Discorder* Manual. Beware, this is a very elitist group so hang near the back of the crowd, wear sunglasses and look really inconspicuous...sorry, that's gothic, not really alternative now is it?



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**MONDAYS
AND**

ALTERNATIVE

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Dailing for Celebrities

by Excubus Manslaughter

So I was sitting at work, working hard on deciding who to call for this month's installment of "Dialin' For Celebrities". It is summer, with Elvis sightings everywhere (sorry about your broken leg King), sexual assault charges facing the World Wrestling Federation and Corporalalooza invading Thunderbird Stadium, what "celebrity" could bring calm from the guts of sheer chaos?! Tom Jones, entertainer extraordinaire.

Excubus: Hi, is this Tom Jones?

Tom Jones: Yes, it is!!

You're Tom Jones: Legendary Vegas Performer?

No.

Do you get alot of people thinking you're "the" Tom Jones?

No, you're the first...wait a second my kettle's boiling.

[after a brief pause]So what do you do for a living?
I'm unemployed right now.

Oooo, that's a bit of a drag.

Not really, it's been a pretty good summer to hang out.

So what's the boiling water for?
Instant noodles in a bowl.

Mmmmm, tasty. With the current constitutional talks what effect do you think it will have on the music and arts communities? You know, Quebec separating and all?
I dunno, I guess there'll be alot of people whining about Quebec leaving, I don't care really. I mean, I live here, speak English, and it doesn't bother me.

So, have you seen any good concerts lately?

I watched that Queen tribute on Much Music but that's it.

You don't get out much, huh?

I go out with my buddies on weekends.

What are their names?

There's Steve[Gorme?], Doug[Bennett?], Rick[Springfield?],...the guys. What do you care?

I don't really. Hey, maybe pick up a Tom Jones album sometime, he kicks butt big time.

Ya, sure.

Well, if that wasn't the "make you feel good" interview of the summer I don't know what is. Tom and I babbled a bit more but I don't think we'll be hanging out much unless I get a Duster and cruise the King George Highway. Back again next month, until then I got my Helix t-shirt and a case of Budweiser, yeeehaaaaw.

NCRC '92 and CiTR 101.9fm would like

to thank the clubs and bands who made

"Rock Against Stupidity" happen:

the Cruel Elephant,

the Town Pump,

Smash Gallery, Good Boy, A Cartoon

Swear, Blaise Pascal,

BUM, Coal, cub, Emily Stop,

Facepuller, Fracas, Gas Huffer,

Goblins, Jack Feels Fine, Jimmy

Roy & his 5-Star Hillbillies,

Kreviss, Mecca Normal, Mexican

Power Authority, Movieland,

Mr. Wrong, Mystery Machine,

the Perfume Tree, Pigment Vehicle,

Potato Head, Scherzo, the Smugglers,

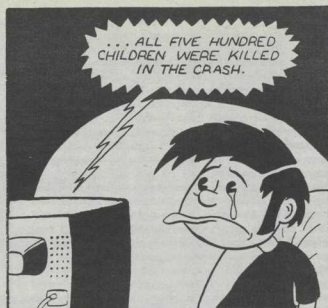
Superconductor, the Vinaigrettes,

Windwalker, and Zipgun.

Thank you!



Everything's Ducky





Met L.S.D., an in-your-face metal/punk/thrash quartet out of Chicago who, if they have their druthers, will single-handedly revive the "screw the establishment" attitude they say is sorely lacking in today's music.

At the core of the group is Chris Storm, or Stanley, as he's known these days. Stanley stands for all that anti-status quo. His hair is short, yet matted, and sporadically adorned with small rubber bands. His attire consists of an old grey suit that is fraying at every seam and has obviously not been washed in several months. Horn rimmed black glasses frame his scruffy unshaven face. He resembles a yuppie gone severely wrong and smells like one to boot. But plunk him in front of an audience and you'll get one raw, powerful voice and a dynamic performance you'll not soon forget.

According to L.S.D. bassist Bill Car, the paradox is exactly the kind of statement that the band is trying to make. "Too much of today's society is based on physical impression," he says. "Just last night at our hotel, we were walking out to get something to eat and the manager took one look at Stanley and said 'You, out!' We had to explain to him that Stanley was staying there!

But other people's perceptions don't really matter to him."

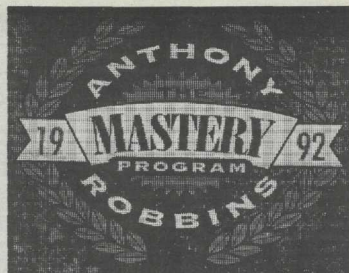
Bill and Stanley met fourteen years ago, at their Chicago high school. Bill was class president, and Stanley was class trouble-maker. A friendship was born. The pair later linked up with guitarist Alex Kayne and drummer Michael Horak. Hence, L.S.D. was born. The band then moved to L.A., starting out by playing the outskirts of town, and later making beats with L.A. booking agents that the band would buy them a case of beer if they couldn't blow away the opening act. They never lost.

L.S.D.'s music is fast, furious, chainsaw guitar intended to offend, provoke, and do just about anything to incite a reaction from its listeners. Or as Alex puts it, "Destruction with a good melody." Don't be expecting to lump them into the Nirvana/Pearl Jam/Soundgarden file, however. "If you wanna put things into piles and categories go work for the government," asserts Alex. "We've been called glam, punk, alternative, thrash, assholes. We've been called everything but a cab," he jokes. "Pearl Jam and Soundgarden are good because they play good music, but not because they wear shorts on stage, y'know?" Some songs by virtue of their lyrics and titles, seem destined not to be played on the radio. The upcoming album *The Silent Majority* features tracks like, "Big Black Bush" and the infectious "Fuckin' Shi Ass."

The group's philosophy is not to worry about radio programmer's view of their music. Alex explains, "For us it's not so much the amount of money we can make, but more how many people will be pissed off and offended. And all the people who will be raising their hands saying, 'Excuse me, I object,' well, they should object because those are the people we most want to upset. Believe me, we've got a few tricks up our sleeve. If we were to make it really big, it would be hilarious, like if one of us started dating princess Diana! I just wanna see somebody who is pulling in a six figure income singin' 'Fuckin' Shi Ass.'"

The band agrees that their music will be very popular with some, and detested by others, but at least, they claim, it won't be ignored. Stanley is a very private person off-stage and they do admit to being concerned with how possible success might affect him. "He is very fragile and dealing with a lot of rage. Only time will tell how he handles it if it happens," Alex says.

L.S.D.'s main objective, they say, is to let the music and its message stand out above all else. "We don't play and act the way we do," continues Alex, "so that somebody's Mom and Dad in Idaho will say, 'Those are some really together boys.'"



by nardwuar the human serviette

Late-night television motivational guru Anthony Robbins appeared in Vancouver recently for an easy-to-sneak-into \$269 lecture. Thanks for leaving the doors open guys....

Nardwuar: Mr. Robbins....
Yuppy Bodyguard: I'm sorry, what's this for?

CITR UBC Radio.
You know, he's got an appointment right now!

Mr. Robbins! Mr. Robbins! Did you get your start in North Vancouver doing fire-walking?
Anthony Robbins: I don't know if it was North Vancouver but, yes, I did start giving my seminar here.

What's the difference between you, Ernest Angley and Tom Vu?
Ah, I don't go out with teenagers. Haw, ha.

What's wrong with Fran Tarkenton? Why did he need your counselling?
There's nothing wrong with Fran Tarkenton, he's a great guy.

How about Martin Sheen?
No, nothings wrong with him.

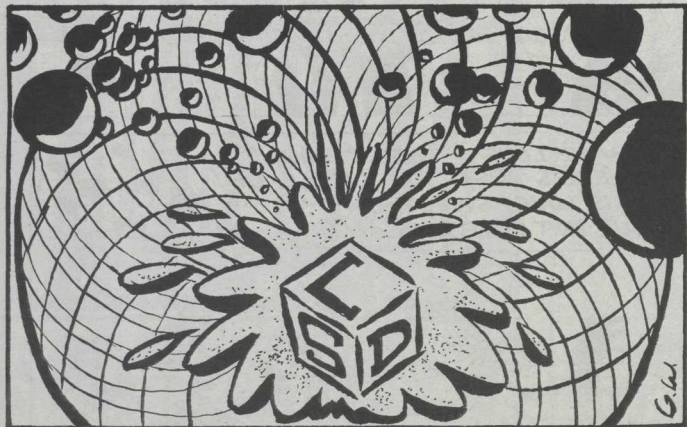
Finally, Anthony, what do ya think about running on the ticket with Ross Perot, as Vice-President for '92?
(briskly walking away) I think it would be great.

Keep on rockin' in the free world!

(Anthony Robbins and his "Unlimited Power" infomercial appear nightly at a television set near you)

Life, Sex, & Death:

by Lee-Ann Hooker **Don't Call Them a Cab!**



Cosmic Saints

By Redd McJann

The Toronto underground can clearly be defined as a place where Bela Lugosi never died. Clubs like to boast 'vampire lounge' outside their cave-like entrances, or have extravaganzas of S&M fashion and exotic dancing for a mere \$10 on Saturday nights. Beyond the liquid eyeliner spiderwebs, DuMarier extra lights and the fascination with making waxy, sexy, folks of the batcave unit have gone out and made an attempt (albeit mediocre) to do something other than pose.

That's right, they now sing and play instruments too! Masochistic Religion, Pure (now Love Bomber) and Vampire Sex Chain are at the nucleus of TO's performing goth core. All bands with key-boards manned by a sexy femme and assorted guys with long black hair moaning about getting sustans. The Cosmic Saints seemed to take these little less seriously.

Garnering my attention with their intensely kinky costumes, genuine androgyny and...okay, four skinny white guys turned me on: one was covered in nothing but hockey tape, another in shorty short shorts, and the drummer was wearing a G-String. Yeah, you can see Asprin Feast, Supersuckers or The Leaving Trains for some serious nudity and the music will be decent, but goth, they just don't piroquette with dildos like these guys. That's the action

that gets me comin' up to the table and shovin' nickels down the jockeys. Ahhhhh, the glorious lean years when a desperate Chippendale would gladly accept public anal insertion if it was in the form of a role of quarters, but I digress. The Cosmic Saints have a 24 hour hot line and lots of sexy computer graphics to accent their rilly keen attitudes.

The primary interest with my interview was of the graphic homoerotic

masturbation that apparently spawns monthly letters in *NOW* magazine (TO's equivalent to the *Straight*). When I saw them this was the highlight of the show: the guitarist was pumping his wawah peddle for all it was worth while the lead singer ran a dildo over his fret board and the bassist licked his neck.

It was very sexy, and given the obvious context of a goth rock bands' image of forced sexuality (Gene Loves Jezebel), fashion and not much else, most critics would tend to fall on masturbation to describe them.

Disorder: How do you come up with that masturbation thing?

and we can hear them say "What are these guys, FAAAAAGS." But after a few songs, I don't know if they realize it, they start getting into it.

Do you remember Specimen, they sang that song "Kiss Kiss Bang Bang"?

CS: Oh right! I've heard that song before. Some friends of mine have a clothing store and they use that song for their fashion shows. That's definitely the image were associating ourselves with.

How do you feel about the obvious Nazi message associated with many Goth bands?

CS: I think it's dangerously beautiful. I don't mind it at all, it draws influences of the German sound and it steps into the danger zone, which a lot of bands are afraid to do. We're about stepping into that danger zone. We plan on being at the forefront of a generation that's over the edge. Our saying is "Generation Takeover."

(At this point the phone rang so I started flipping through a recent *Propaganda* on his coffee table. *Propaganda* had an article on Death in June, the biggest bunch of anti-Semites to ever wear black nail polish. Strangely the article's only focus was on the lead singers unhappy childhood.)

Cosmic Saints: It was just kind of a demented XXXtasy thing. I mean me and the lead singer were picking up on each others vibes, aura reading each others emotions and it was all improvisation.

Ever encounter homophobia in the bar scene?

CS: Yes, a lot of the time there'll be a couple of guys sitting next to the stage

Why do you think so many people in T.O. are still into the Batcave thing?

CS: I think it's just because of our personality here. Everyone wants to hook onto something that's hip, but not really going into the public eye with it, that's what we're all about.

...Does anybody wanna buy a black leather jacket? Cheap.

F or a gospel fan there could be no greater highlight than to meet the reigning diva, Marion Williams. Marion Williams is the current bearer of the title: Queen of Gospel, a crown passed on from the Georgia Peach, Mahalia Jackson, Clara Ward and the like. Now sixty-five, Williams was born in Miami and grew up in the holiness church tradition, a style harder than the blues. She was discovered as a teenager in Philadelphia by Clara Ward. The Ward Singers were the reigning women's group during gospel's golden age of the '40's and '50's.

It was during that time that the Ward Singers befriended the Rev. C.C. Franklin in his Detroit church, with the women nurturing a young and motherless Aretha Franklin. Marion Williams left the Ward's to form the Stars of Faith and to tour the world in Langston Hughes musical *Black Nativity*. This last great pure gospel singer, who also claims Little Richard as one of her musical children, appeared recently at the Commodore Ballroom as part of the Vancouver Jazz Festival.

Disorder: Noticed that you include some Miami gospel, calypso songs, in your work. Could you tell me a bit about your roots in Miami gospel?

Marion Williams: I'm from Miami, Florida. I was born and reared there but my roots are in the Bahamas, where my father grew up. Therefore we heard a lot of calypso music, you see, and that calypso is in me. That ba-dan-do-ba-dan-doh, yeah. Therefore, I hear it all the time because that root is there.

Your repertoire includes almost all styles of gospel, did you learn all this growing up in the church?

We grew up with that in us. We were born with it...and it just went on to others, you know. Who wanted to follow behind? We sang the regular hymns, like "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory," and all those things and then we came down to the spirituals, and what not. We did those things from the beginning. I started singing when I was three years old and kept on in the church. The church gave me my roots, really, because they instilled God in me. They let me know that he is the one that made us and that he wants us to live for him; and that love went with me through the years.

You've been singing for a long time now, beginning your career with the Ward Singers...

I was with the Ward Sisters for twelve years and then just went on my own. I was with the Stars of Faith, then and from there I was solo ever since.

Tell me who the people are in your group, and where are they from?

They come from Philadelphia, except for Miss Bradford (who has been with Marion since her role as piano player in *Black Nativity*), she lives in Virginia. But Miss Williams and Miss Gaudin, they are from Philadelphia. Yes, those babies were born there. Yeah, they're my sisters.

Your latest album, *Strong Again*, has received much critical praise. How do you feel about that?

Mmm...well, I feel good about that. I feel good about it, yes, indeed. I wasn't really too interested at first, years back, about records but I found that

records do help. And I'm glad for Mr. Tony Heilbut [the producer] who has really been a spoke in my wheel, ya' know, to do things for me and to be right there to back me up. I'm grateful to him and my manager Judith Lynen, they've been in my corner for thirty years, ya' know. That's a long time for one producer and one manager.

I know, in reading about your life, that you've faced some struggles: poverty, racism, illness. What's kept you going all these years and motivated you to keep singing gospel?

When I look back, when my soul looks back and wonder, "How I Got Over" [there's the quote from a gospel standard], it's because God did it all (ital) for me. I'm so happy to serve him. I'm not ashamed to tell anybody about God and about Jesus Christ, the Saviour, because without him we can't do nuthin', we are nowhere. As my song says, "He saved a wretch like me," and you, and whoever. If you are a true Christian then you know which predicament and which shape you were in before you received this salvation. Is that true? Yes, indeed! And I advise every body today that if you don't know Jesus, you need to know him. He's the one that gives you peace; he gives you peace in your heart, and in your mind. He knows how to confront you. And today I wouldn't take nuthin' but to serve God.

Yes, but weren't you ever tempted to chuck the whole thing and leave gospel, the church, and make your way into the secular music world?

I've been offered all kinds of monies, and whatever, to sing the blues. I've been offered all that. And I want you to know that I turned a hundred thousand dollars down, years back, that they wanted to give me just for singing one pop song. I told them no, I don't want that [money] for anything, really. God has blessed me miraculously and I'm enjoying God and knowing him. You know, money is not everything to me. No indeed, if it was I wouldn't have come here [massive laughter].

So what brought you to the Jazz Festival?

I wanted somebody here to hear what God has done for me. I know that people are saved here too, just as well as any part of the United States or the world. But even so, I can only tell you what God has done for me.

How do you feel about gospel today? There have been a lot of changes in the past twenty years or so. What do you think of the gospel singers of the 90's, like the Winans?

Yeah, you will see the word. The Winans and the Commissions, but the single ones too. Bebe and Cece, yes, well they're the Winans period, and Vanessa Bell, she's a great singer. She's got a lot of range and that I like about her, yes indeed. So many different ones now, a lot of them are contemporary, but I still like the traditional.

That's what I was getting at. Just to follow that up, is the audience for gospel growing, do you think?

I think so, yes, indeed. I've witnessed that. It's getting bigger and bigger because a lot of the young people are really aware of it now, sure enough. And they love it, yes indeed.

Thank you.

Sure enough, sugar.

MARION WILLIAMS

BY DAVID LANGILLE

BY TANIA ALEKSON

The following scene is a familiar one to those of us that have gained the age of technology by purchasing that piece of equipment known colloquially as a VCR. The victims approach the glass door hesitantly, wary sensing the impending horror but not realizing its full extent. The victims collectively hold their breath and propel themselves through the portal. Inside, choice beyond their wildest expectation greets them like a bad flashback. A surly minimum-wage earning clerk and 10,000 titles are glaring at them from all angles. Attempting to avert the time consuming terror of the "Have You Seen This One?" game, the victims head straight to the New Releases section. Little do they know that gazing through of renters, just like themselves, have preceded them, systematically taking out every copy of every decent movie proffered for their perusal.

It slowly dawns on the victims that they are caught, trapped into spending endless hours among titles whose only recommendations are the descriptive blurbs on the backs of the boxes and random quotations from Leonard Maltin reviews. Wait! Fair victims, help is on the way. Emini stricken children of the 90's, fear renting video cassettes no longer for, Tania Bolkaya - patron saint of celluloid, have designed to aid the unaided, decide

for the undecided. On a monthly basis I will venture forth in these hallowed pages of *Discorder*, imparting advice on matters of a VCR nature.

New releases shall concern me little, for on those well trod paths you loyal readers can find council elsewhere. Rather, I shall delve into regions, times, and eras half forgotten, yet just as entertaining. In conjunction with the weekly specials at Videomart (1855 W. 4th Ave.), I shall explore and expose the best, worst, and middling of titles no longer considered fresh, providing background information and suitable accompanying refreshment suggestions to titillate your viewing experience.

Successful and sustained director/actor collaborations are this month's feature and the **Martin Scorsese/Robert deNiro** partnership can certainly be described accurately by both of those adjectives.

It is quite the recluse who hasn't heard of such films as *Taxi Driver* (1976), *Raging Bull* (1980), *Goodfellas* (1990), and *Cape Fear* (1992). All are powerful examples of the power of the Scorsese/deNiro teaming. I delved back a little further than those acclaimed flicks and chose *Mean Streets* (1973), the breakthrough picture for both Scorsese and deNiro.

Mean Streets tells the futile story of a group of nobodies living on the same block of New York's Little Italy. Scorsese's tremendous manipulation of lighting and music give this movie the subtle tension missing from some of his more recent projects. deNiro is good in his now trademark role of the fringe-dweller whose mental stability can snap at any moment, but it is Harvey Keitel as nice-guy Charlie who animates this story and gives it credibility.

Interesting for its autobiographical nature and directorial techniques, *Mean Streets* is somewhat dated by the trend of films about similar subjects that have flooded screens in the past 20 years. If you're one of the sect sworn to shoo off all your body hair if you're forced to sit through another film about New York Italians, perhaps you should pass on this one. Otherwise, a little Puccini and a 7&7 should set your mood for *Mean Streets*.

Unlike the 20 year *Scorsese/deNiro* collaboration, **Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich** worked together for only six years. Prolific years they were, however, as Dietrich starred in seven features for Von Sternberg between 1930 and 1935. The first, and most famous, was *The Blue Angel*, reputedly a triumph of style and imagery. Unfortunately, for one hour and twenty-nine minutes of my time, the 1932 Sternberg/Dietrich venture *Blonde Venus* was not. Though stylish and uniquely lit, this film is a painful example of miscasting, or rather, miswriting.

Dietrich's charm was her art deco eroticism. Here Dietrich plays a wife and mother who sacrifices her "good name" to a rich businessman (Gary Grant) in order to raise money to save her dying scientist husband (Herbert Marshall). Her eroticism is a serious drawback to her believability as a suffering virtuous haus-frau. Though the movie's songs are passable and the costuming unique—Marlene dons a gorilla suit for her rendition of "Hot Voodoo"—*Blonde Venus* proves that Josef Von Sternberg could exploit light and shadow only so far; at some point plot must take over. If you're up late at night and *Blonde Venus* is the only thing on, go to bed. Or better yet, crack open a good German brew and rent the *Blue Angel* instead.

Send in the clowns! Its time to imbibe anything that helps you lose your fear of laughter. **Blake Edwards and Peter Sellers** managed to create a brood of movies that are still as funny as when but a decade's worth of candles graced my birthday cake and my tastes were slightly less critical.

The Pink Panther series, including *The Pink Panther* (1963), *A Shot in the Dark* (1964), *Return of the Pink Panther* (1975), *The Pink Panther Strikes Again* (1976), and *Escape of the Pink Panther* (1978), combined slapstick and schtick in a way so helplessly mirthful only the most stodgy hater of all things stupid could find unamusing. If you saw only the 1970's installments, or your taste runs to the subtler of slapstick styles, you may want to try out the earlier two films of the series.

A Shot in the Dark stars the incredible comic talent of Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseau, the most dedicated, and hapless, of France's finest. Eric Sommer, one of those 70's game show premenials, proves that he did actually act in movies as Maria, the maid who must have "dun-it". The chauffeur of a very rich and influential man is shot and all evidence points to the blonde, blue-eyed, and beautiful Maria. Clouseau, however, characteristically refuses to believe that a murderer could be wrapped up in so lovely a package.

Before Zucker, Abrams, Zucker, and Nielsen, there were Edwards and Sellers, ready and willing to take zaniness to its zenith. If the phrase "fun for the whole family" makes you want to run amok screaming "Rick Moranis must die", perhaps you should give the Pink Panther series a try. Dead Ant Dead Ant, Dead Ant Dead Ant Dead Ant Dead Ant Dead Ant AAAAAA

Equally humorous, but oh so much more adult is **Billy Wilder's** *Sunset Boulevard* (1950). Twenty time oscar nominee Wilder is Hollywood's most enduring cynic. From scriptwriter in the 1930's to director of the 1981 box-office bomb *Buddy Buddy*, Wilder's sarcastic vision has penetrated audiences with varying success. Some of his greatest achievements, and most effective comedy, were realized while directing Jack Lemmon. The combination of Wilder's Sahara-dry wit

and Lemmon's every-guy-nice-guy style of acting culminated in 1960's *The Apartment*.

However, Wilder's most famous, and perhaps most ironic, film was *Sunset Boulevard*. It tells the petty tragic story of an aging and very rich silent movie star, Norma Desmond, who has become a recluse in her Beverly Hills mansion. There she is attended only by her faithful servant, Max. Norma hopes to halt time by not acknowledging that it exists. William Holden plays an unsuccessful and recently jaded scriptwriter who inadvertently stumbles into this mansion that time forgot. He agrees, for a handsome fee, to help the delusional Miss Desmond edit her epic screenplay, but he soon finds himself ensnared in the role of her young, kept boyfriend. Forced by Norma's propensity to suicide, he must help her keep up the facade that she is young, beautiful, and adored by fans that haven't existed for 20 years.

Sunset Boulevard's ironic sarcasm seeps out not only from its plot or its dialogue, the latter of which brings to mind the most recent Hollywood indictment, *The Player*, but its perfect casting. Not only do

people, like Cecil B. deMille play themselves, a device also used in *The Player*, but the lead actors have a greater significance than the usual requirements of talent and availability. Gloria Swanson, who plays Norma Desmond, really was a silent film star whose popularity crumbled after the advent of talkies. Max is played by Erich Von Stroheim, a silent movie director whose overspending and string of commercial busts led to the demise of his hireability. (Modern directors be warned!) Further, Swanson, the popular actress, fired Von Stroheim, the acclaimed director, after he spent 600,000 of her 1928 dollars on her independently produced film, *Queen Kelly*. All the little incidents join biting dialogue to produce the anti-Pollania of movies. Viewing this particular piece of celluloid requires a great quantity of ice bubbly on hand, so that you, like Norma Desmond, can scream through pencilled lips at your tuxedo-ed servant for "More champagne!"

Until next month, when the stars and director of *The Philadelphia Story* will be my subject of revelation, I bid you a calm video experience.



Gloria Swanson as Norma Desmond

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Jeepers! I wish I was at the TANKHOG Freight Train Record release party at the cruel elephant on Thursday, August 06! Momma's armpit's drippin' down my neck 'n' dad smells like tar. If only I knew how to drive the pickup...

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HELEN'S KITCHEN

One difficulty I have with this column is that I take myself and my cooking very seriously. I get really excited about cookbooks and how neat adventures in the kitchen can be, but my readers may not be so easy to please. Keeping in mind that green tomato minicompact may not make your heart race, here's this month's recipe.

Helen G.'s Jello Salad

This is a dish that evokes fond memories of many summers spent with my grandparents in the town of Virden, Manitoba. It may not appeal to the hardcore city kid's palate, but I think a

modest gelatin salad is quite refreshing and entertaining. Do not substitute other flavours like lemon or raspberry until you have tried the original: the colour is wrong for a vegetable salad, and to my mind (mouth), so is the flavour.

You will need:

A 1 L jello mold (get a pretty one: this can add greatly to the appeal. If you have better things to spend your money on and can't borrow one, an ordinary bowl—preferably steep-sided—will do).
1 pkg. (85g) lime jello powder
1 cup boiling water

1 cup cold water
1/4 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. vinegar (the white kind—wine vinegar would do in a pinch, I guess)
4-6 medium carrots
1/2 cup chopped celery

Digression: celery is a crucial ingredient. Many people underestimate the power of celery; thinking it has no flavour, that it's just Mother Nature's brand of packaged green water. A contraindication! Celery leaves are the crucial ingredient in my mum's stuffing recipe and this salad just won't have that fresh, crunchy taste without the stalk. Don't leave it out.

As can be seen from their photo, the Goblines are quite unusual. Their music matches up, altogether a unique package. Check them out at the Cruel Etaphan's birthday bash.

Moving to another culinary adventure, duck eggs, I had a duck egg omelette recently which was delicious and tasted like an ordinary omelette.

For the quintessential prairie touch you probably want to unmoil and serve this on a big lettuce leaf. (You know to wrap the mold in a hot cloth or rinse in hot water briefly to unmoil it, right?) Jello salad is perfect buffet lunch fare, alongside the cold meat and cheese platter, the potato chips and the other salads: potato, bean and so on. Avoid colelaw, too many grated carrots in one place!

Another summer nostalgia trip is outdoor concerts. No, not the Lollapalooza—the Bogey Creek Music Festival in the summer of '83. Three days of drinking, carousing (for the grown-ups) and music. Boxcar Willie was scheduled to play but he didn't make it so I fell in love with bluegrass

instead. Recently I had a chance to experience the same kind of joy at an outdoor concert of a smaller scale. Though not officially part of the NRCRC Rock Against Stupidity line-up, the Goblines played a lunchtime show in the field out at UBC. A variety of fans assembled: small children, tourists, CITR types.

The connections to food here are two. The first is that, as I said, it was a lunchtime concert and the second is that one of the Goblines regularly shares his lunch with me and we go out with friends every Thursday for hot'n'sour soup.

Those of you who want to savour the differences should them

boiled or coddled. A boiled duck egg has a white that is slightly more translucent and bluish, and a yolk that is paler. Well, actually the yolk varies just as much as in chicken eggs, depending on the diet of the bird. The eggs seemed to be a little larger and had beautiful cream and beige speckled shells. Despite appearances, these still taste pretty much like hens' eggs. And for the concerned citizen, I don't think there's any such thing as a battery duck.

Have a nice time in the rest of the summer and watch for next month's back-to-school bag lunch recipes! Bye-bye!

P.S. If you're in a band and you eat, you qualify to star in Helen's Kitchen. Phone 822 3017 during office hours or fax 822 9364 or write to me care of Disorder and you could be dining your way to fame.



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DIGITAL POODLE

June Scudeler

Digital Poodle is a young, up and coming industrial band from Toronto. I interviewed member Mouth 392 via fax to their record company Death of Vinyl. A brief introduction but there's no point in me rambling when you can read all you need to know about the band for yourself.

Discorder: Perhaps a history is in order?

Digital Poodle was formed in late 1987, as a studio-only project. I began experimenting with a very basic set-up of one drum, one keyboard and a tape-machine. When I had amassed enough recordings that were somewhat coherent and that I was satisfied with, I released them on the first Digital Poodle cassette, *Pay Attention*. The following year, I began collaborating with Pupka Frey (who also has his own recording project, DIN) on some tracks, and we released two more cassettes, in the following years.

At this point, we were fully aware of networking our music via mail order or trading with other like-

minded musicians, from all over the globe. Great care was put into packaging our releases...We considered our cassettes as final products, and not "demos", as so many bands do.

It wasn't until 1989 that we began our live concerts. Our first shows were always grouped with several experimental-type bands on the bill, which was great, since we automatically had the chance to play to appreciative crowds. The early concerts were quite crude, but at the same time, we were discovering and developing our sound. Since then, we've developed great crowds in Toronto, the Niagara region, Montreal and Ottawa, so far our most receptive city to play in.

Last summer we released our debut 12", followed by our first CD entitled, *Soul Crush*. We put out our second CD *Work Terminal* in early April.

Is there a big industrial scene in Toronto?

Yeah, there is a sort of industrial scene in Toronto. Toronto is

traditionally a very rock'n'roll city. So many of the alternative or otherwise different bands stick together, by playing shows together, hanging out, and so on. I wouldn't say that there is a specific Toronto sound per se since many of the industrial bands approach their music from different angles and use different instruments.

Digital Poodle is a purely electronic/percussion based group. Guitars are definitely NOT part of our sound! Other T.O. groups such as DHI, Masochistic Religion and Dogpile are more guitar rock/sledge orientated. Bang Elektronika and V.N. V Nation both play a brand of high-energy techno beat.

My personal favourite T.O. band is Crawl/Child who, live, are a cross between pure intense whitenoise/feedback and grindcore. They should be releasing their debut CD in the fall also on DOVE.

To answer your question, yes, the scene in Toronto is tight knit, since everybody hangs out at the same afterhours clubs, though a lot of dumb little rivalries still exist.

Does being Canadian make things hard?

No! Not at all! A definite international market exists for the style of music that we're creating, on a growing underground level. The majority of our correspondence and mail order is from overseas. Our second CD *Work Terminal* was released by a German label, and distributed all over Europe, to brisk sales. The album is available here as an import. Being based in Canada has no relevance at all! And our debut album did extremely well on college radio charts, reaching number one across the country after it was released! Our records also do very well in certain pockets of the U.S. and all over Europe.

How do you write songs and what are their themes?

Digital Poodle places the emphasis on the sound textures and rhythms first, and the lyrics second. The age of singer/songwriter is long dead! Having said that, the words or slogans that we use are not completely banal either! The words on *Soul Crush* dealt mainly with my experiences in Estonia, when I visited there about 2 years ago, when the country was still under illegal Soviet Rule. It's all part of my personal experience and the politics I'm interested in.

What's happening with Digital Poodle in the future?

The ROR label out of New York will be releasing our *Work Terminal* CD domestically, which has been available as a European import.

We're also putting out a new five track CD single, *Elektronik Espionage* in mid-July, to coincide with our tour. The new tracks are much different from our previous output. For one, the tempos are considerably faster and the programming has become more complex. We've spent quite some time collecting new sounds and samples for our next full-length album out in the fall.

Tell me more about your side projects?

Besides DP, I also record with the two members of Mona Lisa Mesaline, a local T.O. group, under the moniker of Command Co. Our debut full-length CD should also be out in the fall. Russell Wallace of Vancouver's Dreampeak guested on vocals and electronics on one track, recorded while he was in Toronto last year. The Command Co sound is far more techno/new beat orientated than DP.

K.O.M.A. is Digital Poodle's power electronics-experimental project. We very recently released a 6-track cassette of some our pieces to coincide with our opening slot on U.K.'s Nocturnal Emissions' Canadian tour. We thought it would be challenging to completely improvise on stage for about twenty minutes each night. There are no dance beats in K.O.M.A. Tracks are composed using treated tapes, short wave radio and samplers. It's all pretty self-indulgent, but the audiences seemed to appreciate what we were doing.

How did you hook up with Zoviet France?

Zoviet France are another influential 'ambient-experimental-industrial' group from the U.K. After 10 years and over 12 albums, ZF toured North America for the first time, starting in Toronto and Montreal, where we had the chance to open for them. Before they continued onto their American conquest we passed them one of our tapes which, they later claimed, they played almost every night before going on stage.

When Zoviet France returned from their exhaustive tour to Toronto, they expressed interest in reworking or remixing one of our tracks with them. We set up the studio time, where the six of us sat around a long boardroom type table, littered with a lot of our combined gear. We began reworking the track "Soul Crush," the title track off of our first album. The original bassline and the beat were thrown out, and then the tempo slowed down! We all locked into an ambient-house groove. The first version of the track came to 22 minutes long! We tried a radio edit which was around fifteen minutes and was later edited to the final eleven minutes. Originally, this track appeared only on a limited to 300 copies 12" single that we released, and was later included on *Work Terminal*. I've heard that the original 12" pressing was selling for over \$30 in one place!

Tell me more about your magazine Machine Power!

Machine Power is a half-sized magazine that we publish whenever we have the chance. Distribution is handled mainly through the mail, though we sold several hundred copies directly to record shops as well. We conduct interviews with experimental/electronic musicians that we admire such as PGR, 808 State, Kevin Key, Mason Jones and so on. There's also tons of reviews of mainly experimental records that we enjoy or that we've been sent from all corners of the globe. Publishing the magazine gives us the chance to express our views on the current state of music in an interestingly laid out manner. Once again, the popularity of *Machine Power* has been made possible through contacts and word of pen via the underground mail network. Anyone can join in on this last vestige of freedom of expression!



And then God created Jerden Records! Well, maybe not, but come on, throughout the 1960s the Seattle-based Jerden label (and its associated labels Panorama and Piccadilly) did capture on wax many a choice cut of butt-kicking, devastatingly drunken, teen-angst flavoured rock 'n' roll.

Yes, sure, the Pacific Northwest happened to be cooing with punk frat combos at this time and who better to capture them in their full glory, bellowing uncompromising, gut-wrenching noise, than Jerden Records. No, we ain't talkin' "Freddie and the Creamers," here just pure Northwest stimulation, courtesy z-fid losers such as The Raymarks, Dave Lewis, Mr. Lucky & the Gambblers (whose "Take a Look at Me" [Panorama 217] was so awesome Tacoma's 1990's teen punks, Girl Trouble, just had to cover it!), The Live Five, The Kingstems, The Bards, Rocky and His Friends, The Devils, and the group that could blow away anybody, anywhere, anytime, the... ahem... *Sonics!*

Kindly Jerden founder, Jerry Denmon put his ear to the receiver and...

Nardwuar: Who are you?
Jerry Denmon: I'm Jerry Denmon, Nardwuar.

You're not Dave Jerden?
Uh, negative. No, I'm not.

Have you ever been confused with Dave Jerden at all?
Uh, not recently. No.

"Cause when I saw Dave Jerden was doing 54-40 and Faith No More, I was going, 'All right, he's going to get that '60s northwest punk feel back,' but it wasn't the same, it wasn't Jerry Denmon. You produced the original 'Louie Louie' by the Kingstems, right?" That is correct.

Did you produce the actual recording that we hear on the record today?

No, I produced it in the sense that I was not in the studio waving a baton. I caused it to happen in the sense that a guy in the radio station in Portland in 1963 called me up and wanted me to record this group that he had working with him. So we got involved in the Kingstems, kind of sight unseen. But I insisted that they do "Louie Louie." I'm not even sure Ken Chase was there but that's how — Ken Chase and Jerry Denmon get credit for producing it actually.

My role in producing it was in the sense that we put it out on our own label and we worked for many long weeks before the thing finally happened for us.

What label was that?
It was on, guess what, the Jerden label. ("Louie Louie" b/w "Haunted Castle," Jerden #712)

To be asked to release the Kingstems, you must have had an established relationship in the music field to begin with.

At that time, I was also doing promotion with other labels so the radio station population knew me and I had been putting out a couple of other things on local groups in the Northwest area. That is how Ken Chase was aware of me.

That's great! They phoned you up to release it.
You've got it!

How did the Sande label play a part in this?

The memory is foggy but I can tell you what I recall. Another person at a competitive radio station — and this is back in the days of AM radio and basically you had two competitors in Portland. One was a little more successful than the other, KISN. Ken Chase was the program director there. His competitor was a station known as KGO, and there was a fellow named Roger Hart who had an afternoon shift. At any rate, he also managed a group called Paul Revere and the Raiders. From some sort of competitive situation, Roger and the Raiders cut "Louie Louie" and put it out on Roger's own label, which was Sande. He actually had success ahead of us in the sense that he was able to convert that Sande release into a recording contract for the Raiders with Columbia. They took on "Louie Louie" and started having good success with it.

Fortunately, the gods were smiling on me because within a few weeks of that time we were able to break the record through a friend of mine in Boston and a label called Scepter Wand out of New York was very responsive. We did an instantaneous deal with them. They put the record out. They really knew more about street level promotion of rhythm and blues and rock product than Columbia and they just literally beat Columbia on every market across the country, with the exception of Denver or something.

You really had the connections!
We worked hard at it.

Your past musical experience had been with ERA Records and Dolton before Jerden?
ERA was a little independent in Los Angeles that had some neat

success in the '50s and into the '60s. That was good ground for me to learn about the business. Prior to that, I was here in Seattle with a label that was a total start-up that also had some neat success in 1959 when our first release, which was something called "Come Softly To Me" by the Theestwoods, went to Number One in the country. So we had some real street-level knowledge of how to get records on the radio and make them work, we got lucky.

Have you ever heard of Fred Cole of Dead Moon and Weeds fame?

Only names. That's all they are to me, just names.

He has the actual machine that "Louie Louie" was mastered on.
You've got to be kidding me.

No, he continues pressing 45s on his Tombstone record label and he masters them on the actual machine that "Louie Louie" was mastered on.
What a guy!

He lives in Portland.

I did not know that.

Just think, this legendary machine he has. And just think, if he could bring you together to that machine, he'd have two-thirds of the ingredients. His hat I don't know where that takes us but that's a lot of fun anyways.

Where is the actual equipment that the Kingstems recorded "Louie Louie" on?
I have no idea but it was done very archaically. I guess, at the time, it would not have been a studio that would have been state-of-the-art recording but it was an okay studio. It really was not a music studio. It was called Northwestern Recording in Portland, and their claim to fame, really what kept them in business, was doing ad-verting work. Music wasn't really their normal thing. The group went in as an accommodation because at least one of the guys in the group, at the time when they were recording, was going to high school so they literally couldn't get out of town. I am assuming that Northwest was probably one of a couple of studios in town that actually had the equipment to record music, though they were not known for that sort of thing. So where the equipment is, God only knows.

There's such a cool drum sound on that recording. The whole sound of "Louie Louie" is like one of the most excellent sounding records, I think, ever. Ever. Really, it's just the ultimate.

Let's face it, a lot of people get

lucky but in those days people thought monaurally. People thought as far as balance when you were doing something and recording something live, you were really cognizant of the balance then. You know, later, when you started getting multitrack recording and everyone got an isolated track, it wasn't that important to try and get the right total of the get-go. And I'm talking about a recording technique which is recording with a handful of microphones in a live room.

Did you ever do actual mixing or —

Oh yeah, as the years went by... Most of the stuff we did — you have to realize we're talking now 1963 — was state of the art and at that time it was still two-track recording. We just experimented and if we liked the sound we went with it. It wasn't high-tech. It was just gut and ear at the time. Later it became three-track recording and then, oh boy, big time in the late '60s it became eight-track recording.

And you're Jerry Denmon! Speaking live from the Jerden record offices in downtown Seattle, Washington.

That's correct. We've reactivated the company. Originally Jerden was started in 1960 here in Seattle. It was active through the '60s. I had different companies and different names, and got out of the business a couple of times and then last year, in September of 1991, I decided to get back into the music business and tap into some of the stuff in our vaults. We just said, "Why not? Let's call it Jerden, re-establish the label, and start over and have some fun."

"Louie Louie" only cost \$37 to record.

Actually I think it was \$44 but we don't need to get that technical.

\$44. It went on to make millions, obviously. Do you get any sort of credit for being on the actual label, you know, "Produced by Jerry Denmon?"
I don't recall —

Any royalties, or...?

Oh, no. You see, what happened, it's a very sad story and I won't get into the details. Scepter Wand went into bankruptcy sometime in the early '70s —

How could they? They made all that money off "Louie Louie"?

Well, that's a good question. That might take a few more days to get an answer to. To make a long story short, the actual royalties that are due the Kingstems group and that are due Jerry Denmon are probably in the millions of dollars and we don't see any of it. That's a very

touchy issue that is probably going into some sort of legal resolution very shortly.

So the band almost got nothing for that?

Since Scepter Wand went out of business, the royalty stream stopped. So, all these records you pick up on labels like — and I don't mean any disrespect because they are all nice people — like Rhino, and someone just sent me a CD from England on the Charly label, those are basically all rip-offs. They are legal rip-offs but they are rip-offs because we don't get anything, the Kingstems don't get anything. This happens in the music business. It's very sad but it's something we are trying to go back and resolve in some fashion.

Another interesting thing about "Louie Louie" is that when the Kingstems were on TV shows they weren't allowed to lip-sync to the actual version of "Louie Louie"?

Well, again, I don't mean to get into anybody's face or bend anybody's nose but the story, which I am sure you probably know, is from the time when the record first broke. We're talking now November of 1963, Jack Ely was in the recording session and was an original member of the group. For whatever reason he left the group before the record was ever released —

And he was the one that sung on the record.

You got it. So now you've got a unique situation: you've got an act which has the number one record in the country and Lynn Easton, a very nice man but not the lead singer originally, and Lynn struggled as far as getting into singing it because, obviously, he couldn't do the same job and was not sounding like Jack Ely. That's my sense of the story behind that.

Why did the Sonics switch to Etiquette Records to Jerden? Was it something to do with you having national distribution?

That's correct. There were actually a couple of things. Looking back, I think the Etiquette people did a wonderful job with the Sonics, but two things happened in the 1964-1965. One, they had a monster hit with "Psycho" and "The Witch" locally but they didn't sell enough copies outside of Washington, or Oregon or whatever got into B.C. Nothing happened na-

tionally so I am sure the group got disillusioned with this incredible monster hit —

Did any other groups have big local hits?

To my knowledge, no one had as big a regional single other than, and unfortunately it happened to Etiquette again, "Louie Louie" by Rockin' Robin Roberts. It was a monster hit in the state of Washington, etcetera. Nothing nationally.

So, my sense is that two things happened: the Sonics had this regional success —



cess but they couldn't spread; and you also had the fact that the Etiquette label is owned by a very major group in the Pacific Northwest called the Wallens. The Wallens and the Sonics are, in a sense, competitors, so that was what I think influenced the group to leave and come over to us. We did have national distribution and we're the people who finally got the group happening in some other markets. Unfortunately, we were never able to really break them nationally. We got close by the time the group started changing personnel.

Was it hard to get your product out if you were an independent label in the Pacific Northwest in the 1960s? I mean, did most bands who put out a single sell them off the stage?

Yeah, I don't think it was quite as

refined as it is now, but there was either somebody who had a little label and didn't have distribution and/or they sold them out of the bandstand, or that type of thing. Again, we were the only people, as I recall, during that period of time who had national distribution.

How about in the northwest? Were there stores willing to take stuff on consignment, like Woolworth's or any of the chain stores?

Back in those days it was easier to get into than there was less chains, like you just talked about. Now, in the industry, it is proliferated by a handful of national chains that have megastores all over. We're even having difficulty getting into those outlets that have that kind of mentality.

Are the Sonics in Fred

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Disorder Corp.
Vancouver B.C.

ARDUAR THE
MAN SERVIETTE

A-1

Meyer
today?
They are not.

Oh! It would be great if they were.

As a matter of fact, there was an ad in something that I read down here and it was Sub Pop. They've come out with their Classic Series, that includes Nirvana and what have you, and it's in ad with Fred Meyer. I would hasten to suggest that that's the first Sub Pop product to make it into Fred Meyer since the inception of that company.

Where is Jerry Roslie, lead screamer of the Sonics? Lead singer, writer, really the kind of central creative force. I can only

tell you hear-say. I am told that he works with his son in some sort of construction or building activity, in the Tacoma, Olympia or the Centralia region. I have not been able to reach him. Have left phone messages; apparently he has been consistent in not responding to anyone.

The Kingmans are not getting any royalties. Has Jerry Roslie received any payments? He will get royalties, as will all the Sonics, on the product we have. If I can get a plug in, that's the album we've just released now, *Maintaining My Cool*. We are paying royalties from day one on that to the group. As far as royalties from any other records, I don't know.

Have you, Jerry Dennon, legendary '60s punk producer, heard of the Sonics tribute album which has been out for a couple of years now, *Here Ain't the Sonics*?

You got it. I was presented one of those about a year-plus ago. It's great and I love it.

Did Jorden have a hard time capturing the Sonics on wax?

As long as we maintained the integrity of keeping it like they were doing it live, I shouldn't say it was easy, it was relatively easy.

When they came to Jorden, looking back in hindsight, they themselves were looking to get a slightly different image than being—although punk was not a word then—the screaming, psycho... They were trying to find something that was probably a little more palatable for radio stations. I'm not sure what the motivation was, but we obviously had some sort of indirect influence that, when I look back on it now, I regret because they softened their sound the longer they were with us.

Were they happy with their previous recordings? They were generally so. In the main, I think they weren't. When we first came, I think they were hoping they would have a little bit more freedom in what they were doing, and we involved them both in recording them in Seattle and enabling them to go to Los Angeles. We cut some things in LA in a neat studio down there that's quite well known—called Goldstar. We brought in an engineer who had worked with Phil Spector by the name of Larry Levine. So we extended their perspective somewhat while they were with us.

The Sonics recorded the Zappa tune "Any Way the Wind Blows" when they were on Jorden! Thank you.

That's crazy, man! Was Jerry Roslie a big Zappa fan or... Oh yes. Absolutely.

Did Zappa ever know that the Sonics recorded that song? I would have presumed but I do not know that for a fact. I've never talked to Zappa so I have no idea.

Is there a lot of stuff in the Jorden vaults?

Yes, we've got a lot of stuff, thank God. I'm just discovering the tape, although it's thirty years old, has held up beautifully. So, currently we're going in to edit the first in a series of albums called *The History of Northwest Rock*. There will be twenty selections on that with a variety of groups that I think people will like a lot. Peter Blecha, the rock historian, is involved in the project.

And I am also in the studio editing, getting back to the Kingmans, tapes that no one has ever heard. Actually, the group has never heard them because after "Louie Louie" hit we were asked by the label to go and get an album ready as soon as possible. And due to the fact that one or two of the guys were in school and had other constraints, we ended up having to do live recording at The Chase. The original album, the Louie Louie album, that stayed on Billboard's chart for over three years was actually live recording except for the "Louie Louie" cut that was dubbed onto it. The rest of those two days of sessions has never been heard.

Anyway, I am editing right now and the album will contain something that has never been heard by anybody, and that's "Louie Louie" with drummer Lynn Easton singing lead, so that's going to be kind of fun. But we're going to be coming out with a variety of stuff from a lot of different groups that we had going on at the time.

Jorden Records released some Vancouver groups... The Chessmen.

With Terry Jackal? You got it. I think we did his first record, ("Mustang" b/w "Meadowlands," Jorden #743)

You also did the Hi-Fives, ("Going Away" b/w "Tori," Jorden #730)

That's correct. Absolutely. They should have been a big-time group.

Didn't Jorden release something by the Devilles featuring Wayne Gust? Yes.

They're from Vancouver. You know, I've forgotten that. And later we did the Kingmans doing one of their songs, "Searching for Love," ("Searchin' for Love" b/w "Mary Lee," Jorden #7)

What are your memories of the Vancouver scene in the 1960s?

It was great. I had a neat relationship with Red Robinson. He and I were actually roommates when he was on KGW in Portland in 1959. Red, for a while, was going to make it in the United States. He was in Portland for a year or two and then he got his draft notice. I think he spent some time in Uncle Sam's wonderful U.S. army, and the day he got out of the army, he got on a plane and went back to Vancouver. I don't think Red's ever left since. Anyway, Red was a great conduit for me to Vancouver at the time. I love Vancouver. In retrospect, I wished we had done more things up there.

There are some spoken word albums coming out on Jorden, like Beatles press conferences. Those aren't the ones that Red did? Those are exactly the same thing. Red is the producer, Red is the source.

But that's Red doing the interview, one of his legendary interviews in cool. Thank you.

I talked to Red a couple of years ago. I asked Red if he had ever heard of the Sonics, and Red said, "Ah, they were just a bunch of guys in the garage." And I said, "Arg, how dare you say this!" Ha ha!

You recorded Ian Whitcomb. That's correct.

Legend has it that when he was recording the song "You Turn Me On," an ashtray dropped and made him falsetto his voice. Is that true? The falsetto part I'm not sure about, but the ashtray part, yes. You can hear it on the recording. We actually did a couple of takes of that song; on one of the takes it's on there, and on the other it isn't but, yes, you can hear it.

Mr. Dennon, do you have any Elvis 1962 World's Fair stories at all? I do not. I was not here in 1962. I was in California saluting everything. I was in the army so I missed the World's Fair.

Speaking of the army, how about any Hendrix barfing accounts?

Unfortunately, no, not he did hang out at his studio that we later did a lot of recording in. I missed the

whole Jimi Hendrix thing. He did almost nothing locally so very few people were really aware of him in Seattle because, as you know, he was discovered in England.

How about Brian Jones pants-stealing episodes? I don't have any of those. Yikes, we should have rehearsed this....

Where are the Paul Revere & the Raiders costumes? Are they available for purchase? I would think so. If you send the right amount of money to Paul, I am sure he'll send you one.

Don Grady of the TV show *My Three Sons* apparently played in the Northwest-based *The Yellow Balloon*.

I couldn't attest to it as fact.

Was the media very supportive of the Northwest rock scene in the 1960s?

To a point, yes. In many ways they were morose than when they are now, but it's all changed.

Back then, did there happen to be anything like the *Seattle Rocket* magazine?

No. For awhile I published something called—regretably—*Disc A Go Go* which was kind of a knock-off of some of the tabloids coming out of England at the time. That was for a couple of years in the mid-'60s. But not until the *Rocket* came along was there really anything in that style.

Do any videos or films exist of this era? To my knowledge, negative.

Awful! There would be so much cool stuff, like the Wallers were on *American Bandstand*.

Yeah, for instance, Ian Whitcomb was on *Shindig*. I've got a kinoscope, which is a negative film of the show. The Kingmans have some video of when they were on *Shindig*. That type of thing is available but I don't know how many people have copies of it.

There is a Northwest Music Archive, though, right? Spearheaded by Peter Blecha.

That's correct. That is going to happen but they're still looking for funding. They're going to have a display at the Museum of History and Industry here in Seattle, but they're still looking for endowments and what-have-you.

And finally, Jerry Dennon of the legendary—do you like being called "legendary 1960s punk rock producer"? I think it's the first time but I love it.

Who is your favourite 1990s

rock'n'roll ensemble? That's very difficult... Paisley Sin. They have been around the market for several years but they have some of the same elements for me and my ear of what the Sonics were all about. You have to realise that I'm kind of locked into liking a certain type of music. I appreciate a lot of the other types of music I hear but I don't necessarily get into the groove of what is happening. It's a different step from where I was. It's not the same kind of music as what we were doing with the Sonics. Some I like, some I don't.

It's great that you could name at least one group. See? You didn't think I could, did you? And I know all about TAD and all the famous people from here.

Who is the Prime Minister of Canada? It's the man whose name starts with an "M." Is he still there?

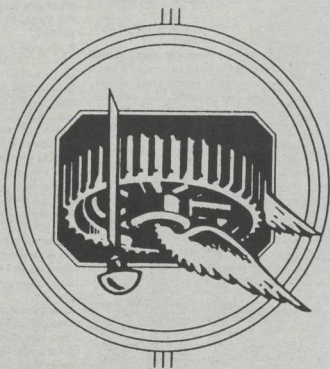
Yes. Brian.... ...Malrueny!

Okay. Thanks very much and keep on rockin' in the free world.

Thanks, you too.

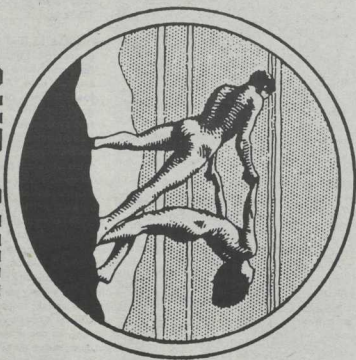
For extra Northwest '60s rock stimulation, check out DANCE HALLS, ARMOURIES & TEE FAIRS by Don Rogers, available (I think) through Dionysus Records, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507 USA... Oh yeah, write Jorden Records at P.O. BOX 4740, SEATTLE, WA., 98104, U.S.A.





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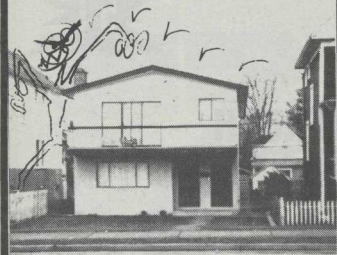
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VANCOUVER SPECIAL



BY CORAL AND REDD

Closet Man is recording someday soon. **Goat Boy** still rule the planet. **Drones** are going on tour. What happened with **Pez?** **A Wire Bastard!** **MPA** split "7" might be in the works (Down with **MPA**—ya, you know J.). Where is **Charlotte Rennison's** tour going to and who is going along? What is **Kye Bay** doing? All these questions and so few answers but **Hal** has been doing damn fine and making money I hear. That's the island for you.

So...ahhh...people have been giving us all sorts of interesting advice on what would be sound information for this column. Unfortunately, in our zeal to make the plight of the underdog known, we just couldn't see the validity in an expose on "where Kreviss really got their name" or "so and so, who plays bass for mmm hmmm, got the clap." It was not inspiring to our mission. We did however field a lovely plethora of **Cruel Elephant** drink comments.

What People Are Saying About **The Cruel Elephant's** Attitude Towards Responsible Drinking

"I was fucking pregnant, obviously pregnant, and they wouldn't give me a free non-alcoholic drink."
 "One time they cut me off. I mean I'm a 100lb girl and I know when I've had enough for fuck's sake."
 "They're a bar! They don't care about responsible drinking, look at all the beer signs."
 "AHHhhhhh, what the fuck are you on about maaan?"
 "Who'd wanna be a responsible drinker there, the coffee is terrible."

Profane Existence and **Maximum Rock and Roll** did an asshole thing. John Clarke of **CISF** printed up an extensive list of venues, bands et al, for the quintessential "Book Your Own Fuckin' Life" **D.I.Y.** tour guide. John didn't specify whether or not any of it was **D.I.Y.** (do it yourself, twerp) so the bastards didn't print any of it. Therefore, making **B.C.** look considerably sadder than it is. We did outshine Alberta however. The only band Alberta had listed was one called **Granpa's Magick Pinecone** while **B.C.** had both **Facepuller**

and Drone.

The point is, me [Redd] and a couple of other hip people are gonna put together a retaliation and scene report for the upcoming theme issue of **Profane Existence**, "The Canadian Takeover." If you feel we will ignore your band/respective scene, you're probably right you big norm and you should right your own scene report to:

Profane Existence
 P.O. Box 8722
 Minneapolis, MN.
 55408

Events of note include **Under The Volcano**, I don't know where the hell it is, somewhere in North Van, but it's on August 9th. My fave rappers the **Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy** are rumored to show. **Rock Against Prisons** wins the politically correct award for August events. This takes place on Aug. 8th at Crab Park. That's the park at the foot of Main Street that the govt. wants to rebuild into yuppie hell to coincide with the convention center and heliport. Playing for **Rock Against Prisons** will be **Peanut Gallery**, **Five Against One**, **Mecca Normal**, **Rumble Fish** and others I haven't heard about...I don't get out much. I spend all my days listening to demos and smoking the pot that comes with them.

Gollywoy

Y'know why I didn't mind this? Because I enjoy Neil Young in his rawest electrivank form. These guys have the right attitude. I had to rewind the tape myself.

House of Frustration

This came with a business card that looked like it should have read, "Towne and Country Family Restaurant." Sorry to dwell on the aesthetics. If I wanted to be "more professional" I'd say it has a **Freddy Mercury** tribute song so I must

be cool. I could be nice and say if you like a happy Morrissey you'll love this. However, I'll cap with, I'm glad the man is dead and Morrissey rides a cock-horse. 11117, 87th Ave. Delta, B.C. V4C-2Z8

Terror T and the Beat Assassinator Show'n Prove

Pretty full bodied stuff. At least the "T" makes no pretense of being a crack smoking murderer but still a white femme from Canada. I never thought **Terror T** would sound good at all, but Christ I'd play this on my freakin' radio show and it's late enough that I don't have to worry about **CanCon**. **Nazid Records** 3566 W. 18th Ave. Vancouver, B.C. V6S-1B1

Tumult

Who fucking cares right? A grind-core band led by the "Bug-eyed hellspawn snot o'satan" or whatever the bloated beerfart calls himself these days. I'd like to think the demo was called **TuTu** or **Tudooloo** or **Turahloorah** because all you can see are the first two letters of the band when the gatefold is in the case.

Karniferous Raunch Fux Charred Crud Clit Pus In Smeagma Juice Sautéed a la farte

(Dysentery Records)

The whole Michael Dunahoe tribute makes this worth purchasing. You best read the liner notes coz you'll want to sing along with classics like "Shit in the Bathroom" and "Alien Rapist." If you want a longer review read any G.G.

Allin review of the past and simply change the name.

Aging Youth Gang

Ex-members of the **Spores** and **Curious George**, or so I've been told, were involved in producing this professional sounding demo. Punk rock dominates the sound lyrically...almost reminiscent of Vancouver's Subhumans. Fast, upbeat, catchy and talented.

Cane Toads

The sound is slow, heavy and melodic, with a whiny girl singing songs about some kind of weird trips...it sounds really good. Picture, if you will, Soundgarden munched up with the **Fastbacks**. That's not that bad. 2722 Triumph St. Vancouver, B.C. V5K-1T2

Sicko

High energy, happy sounding music that you can really get into. It isn't that often that a tape makes you want to move to be closer to the band but this demo just keeps getting better with each song. **Sicko** is definitely one of the better bands out of Seattle. These talented guys should consider relocating to Berkeley and signing to Lookout! Records. [Thanks for the hula girl. Ed!™] **Top Drawer Records** c/o Carl, 1210 15th Ave. Suite 444, Seattle, WA 98112

Contempt

This is a perfect example of what happens when a group of guys get angry enough to start wrecking shit just to get together and put out music. Raw punk packaged professionally. One of the all-time greatest hardcore bands I've

ever heard, and no songs about girls either.

Thumbscrew

Holy, time warp. While listening to this demo I was transported back in time to the magical year of 1985 into the hardcore realm of Washington, DC. Bands like **Minor Threat** and **Uniform Choice** are obvious influences for these fast paced rednecks. In all honesty, it's refreshing to see a band with such an obvious distaste for hippy trends. (What's with all the pseudo-environmentalists anyways?) A talented group of musicians, I'd buy this.

Sinner's Squad

Without wanting to sound nasty, I would say that **Sinner's Squad** are trying too hard to be the **Chili Peppers**, and they're not doing that great of a job of it. It sounds okay but I would never buy it from some guys who just think they're punk. Maybe they sound better live but I wouldn't know.

Video Barbeque Maximalism (Big City)

Wow! There's just something about a talented jazz band that grabs my attention, and I'm not really that much of a jazz fan. Calling these guys just a jazz band wouldn't even do them justice. They sound like the **Mighty Mighty Bosstones** but with less of a ska influence. This band won **CTTR's** **Shindig** in '88, has 7 members and have had over 200 since they formed. Great band and great press packaging. **Big City Productions**, 4th Floor 177 W. 7th Ave. Vancouver, B.C.

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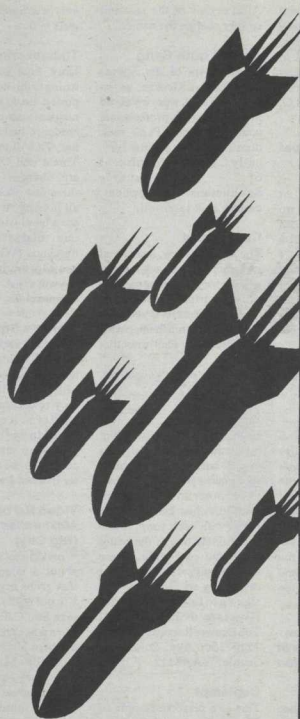
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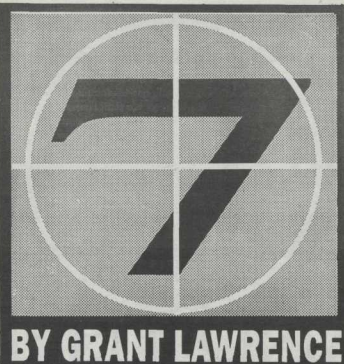


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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Sheesh...another month, another slew of seven inches. Will the vinyl explosion ever stop? Let's hope not. This time I've found myself on more rock and roll adventures, taking me to exotic stops like Calgary and Edmonton. In Calgary I stopped by CJSW, the local college radio station to talk on DJ Jaime Frederick's show "Declaration of Independence" (he plays only indie stuff). I ended up snoozing around and stumbled onto some brand new and way-cool "new" stuff.

Teenage Fanclub have successfully dodged their major label and have released a single on K Records of Olympia. This record is #26 in the International Pop Underground series and it's a great record in the tradition of everything that is K. The two songs sound way better and rock way harder than anything on *Bandwagon* (their lush, almost glazed major label debut), even if they are both covers. The A-side is an Alex Chilton tune called "Free Again." It's a superb song that rocks pop-hard, reminding me of one of those really great Partridge Family rave-ups. The B-side is an old Beat Happening hit entitled "Bad Seeds." Primitive,

crunchy, rockin'. Too bad this version of "Bad Seeds" wasn't around when the Beat Happening tribute album was being sliced'n'diced. Movin' on down the line I found my fortune cookie prize, the latest from **The Muffs** out o' California. This band is fantastic! Renaissance/retro-ton-boy-rock and roll in its drums.

And I thought their first single on Sympathy was good! This sucker's on the *Aussie D o g m e a t* records (famed for releasing Dictators stuff down under), and man, are they lucky they got **The Muffs** now, cuz their gonna be huge! Why are the punk-est chicks all named Kim?

And what singles column anywhere in the world would be complete without reviewing yet another 45 by England's best **Thee**

Headcoats. The aforementioned singles label, Sympathy for the Record Industry, has hit up the mighty **Billy Childish** for a couple more tunes to add to his absolutely massive discography. Here, the world's favourite punk rock trio cover a song the Sonics made famous "Have Love Will Travel." A good version, proving once again why the Sonics are the Roman Gods of today's rock and roll. The B-side is more of a guttural demand than a song: "Give It To Me!" All in all another cool Childish record to add to the racks.

Up next is a record from the Imp label of Portland. These guys seem to be having some sort of competition with the other local Portland label 7TK for who can put out the most 7"s ever! So far they seem to be rock and roll. Putting Imp slightly ahead of 7TK is **The Splinnies**. "Suffice." A soft and soothing couple of songs. Lucky this wasn't a full album or I'd be fast asleep! How about a quick easy-out comparison: The Indigo Girls and Mecca Normal meet They Might Be Giants for a picnic and doze-off. Don't get me wrong, I do like it in a sleepy sort of way. It's nice.

And that's it for cool Calgary radio station finds. Too bad most of the great bands in Calgary feel more inclined to put out tapes instead of 7"s (Choada, Quitters, Big Gulch). Oh well, they'll live!

Back at home I've had a bunch of cool discs sittin' around for while that I haven't been able to get for one reason or another here goes:

Santa Cruz, California is home to a great combo called **Captain Crunch** (not to be confused with the lame, now-defunct, Montreal band of the same name). They've got a 7" EP out, entitled "Girl At The Zoo." It's a song, straight-out, stripped down

bash attack of Ramones/MTX style punk rock. Really good stuff. And with intellectual and thought-provoking song titles like "New Song," "Slow Song," and "Pop Song," these dudes will no doubt be King-Pin gods in mere decades.

"Stop gabbin' on about punk all the time" you say? No problem, shit-face, how 'bout some SURF fer yer square diet? Look no further than the Dukes of the west coast "Go" sound. **The Phantom Surfers** of Pacifica, Ca. They've got two new 45's out on the Standard Record Label and the other on the fab Sympathy. Both are chock-filled to the rim with that P. Surfer shreering, reverberated, poundin' instrumental "wave rock." An act of true genius.

But wait, snobbish boors, there's more! I've been looking for this here 7" disc for years, finally I found it and LOVE it! It's America's greatest top ten combo for **The Untamed Youth** with their rare, out of print, Christmas single "Santa's Gonna Shut 'em Down" b/w "Santa's Midnight Run." A bit out of season but who gives a fuck? These guys have been my all-time favourite band for years and this single only adds to my adoration of greatness. The Untamed Youth are the best elements of the Beach Boys, the Dictators, Elvis, and the Trashmen all rolled into one! WANT ROCK-N'ROLL? GET THE UNTAMED YOUTH! THEY'RE THE GREATEST

Whew! Gimme a sec to straighten my hair and put my shoes back on and we'll get on with this shit. Just in from Montreal comes the maraca shakin', head shaggin' frog-men **The Cryptics**, on Primitive Records. Yet another bunch of mop-topped Gruesomes disciples, these guys dish out the "wyld" reb

garage punk, screaming and yelling about "Bad girls," "stupid girls" and girls that have simply "gone away." This ferociously French, fuzz-drenched, garage combo sound a bit too exact to the Gruesomes for me, but hey, all you cryp-kickers will love it.

Headin' southeast into Minneapolis, MN, flows forth The Loose Rails with their EP "Jerk." Funny thing, the cover advertises 4 tunes but I only get two. The two I did get seem to be in the vein of that stand-and-mid-west-pop-rock sound à la the Replacements/Magnolias. The songs are good, extremely melodic and catchy, making me think of what ABBA would sound like if the chicks played electric guitars and Sven and Björn stood there choruses. (That's a complement, ABBA rule.) A good poppy single.

Yeah I found a diamond in the rough! Every time I'm getting down in the gutter world of bad music, I wish I could find something to lift me out of that regulated depression. Too often I don't, this time I did. They are called **Captain 9's** and the **Knickerbocker Trio** and they are hilariously cool. As the top left hand corner of their cover says, "file under PUNK ROCK." And that's what it is all right. Fast, furious, and very funny punk rock the way it used to be: a mockery and a rebellion.

This 4 song EP is titled "Rock and Roll Paper Route," also the title song. The cover of the record is a pic of a shot gun stuffed into a newspaper delivery bag. The song is an equally demented punk rock hit.

The flapsie features a couple of other "true punks," the shiner being "I Think I Wanna Be": "I think I wanna be a plumber! I'll switch the pipes under yer sink! So you get a glass full of toilet water! When you pour yourself a drink... Well, they say more! A great find, and an instant collectors' item that comes complete with a booklet, a sticker and a photo. Captain 9's and the Knickerbocker Trio have a new fan.

Almost a Canadian parallel to the Knickerbocker Trio's Toronto's **Leather Uppers'** debut 4 song EP. Pressed on sexy emerald vinyl, this two man guitar and drums band is also primitive, poorly recorded and hilarious! These Torontonians nut are like some rockin' out in the summer of '73. The songs are short, fast, single-note rockers, with ridiculous lyrics and mock-rock choruses. We're also treated to many candid photos of these two '70s children smoking cigars in matching pants suits, or simply "chatting" on the phone. A great find, Canadian package. Pick it up if you can find it.

And speaking of 70's children, my local pick this month is from **LACROIX** **Tankhog**. They've just released a fucking great new single from Mint Records and wow, this one smokes! The A-side, "The Freight Train Song" is in top

Tank hog form: fast, direm, underrated great Vancouver band. But it ain't over yet! The B-side on this bitch is the perfect epilogue: a deranged psychobilly rocker "Jealous Trains," chugs at a high speed rocket's pace from start to finish. The band sounds great, Mint's packaging is great, and hey, girls, there's even a Tankhog nudie centerfold inside! An excellent local record. See you in the fall.

What's the number one rap group this month? Well, thank goodness there's one crew that I haven't mentioned yet, Das EFX! This group was picked up by EPMD as a rap act. Das EFX performed before me in the past. They were going to be all right then, since they were both just graduating, but EPMD offered them a record deal, and needless to say, they took it. "They Want EFX" was the crew's first 12" release, and the new one out is "Mic Check." Dre And Scoob have a unique style: their rhymes are riddled with similes, and metaphors and clichés; they can be funny and crude at the same time, but they're quick to listen carefully cause they're have to change topics. The beats are raw although kinda hard to pinpoint any particular topic mentioned. Das EFX are just a crazy crew with some crazy-assed shit, lots EFX and plenty of support from Parrish Smith and E-Double (EPMD). Oh yeah, like their last track on the CD *Dead Serious*, Das EFX is "Straight Out the Sewer."



BY TARA SLOAN

Finally **Black Pearl**, Yo Yo's second CD, has been released. *Make Way for the Motherlode* was the name of Yo Yo's first release and it did quite well. It was there that Yo Yo proved she had what it took to flow with a quickness not heard often by a female rapper. Rumour had it that **Black Pearl** was to be way more hardcore! Well, I've got some disappointing news for ya...it ain't. Yo Yo's style has definitely changed for the worse.

This 1992 CD, off of East West Records, features Ice Cube as the executive producer while DJ Pooh and Sir Jinx take turns producing the various tracks. Kam even drops a few background vocals in "A Few Good Men," while Ice Cube starts things off with "The No Intro." **Black Pearl** features Yo Yo's first 12" release, "Home Girl Don't Play Dat," which is kinda slamin' except it's just like a female version of "How to Survive in South Central" with the same set up of Rule #1... Rule #2... etc. Sorry, but it's already been used regardless of

the hardcore production. Many of the tracks, like "So Funky," "You Should Have Listened," and "Black Pearl," contain R & B sing-song choruses which is the greatest downfall.

It seems like someone has had a lot influence on Yo Yo, as far as image is concerned, because Yo Yo has become softer, more gentle, with a pretty face, a bunch of funky snapshots, and R & B bullshit choruses. Yo Yo, however, does continue to throw down the lyrics about women leaving their men if they are getting' beat on, and it is very clear that this lady is tryin' her damndest to get it through her homegirls heads that the "Black Pearl[s]" are very precious and respect is always due! This is one stroke of positivity. All in all this release just doesn't kick it.

Yo Yo's speed has definitely been tampered with because instead of crazy lyrics flyin' off her tongue, she's been slowed down and drops only half of what she's capable of. On some of the tracks Yo Yo even

seems to try and stretch words out to make it to the next verse! The production isn't that great either because of having to accommodate the R & B stuff I gather. Overall **Black Pearl** seems to be more for the ladies. Somehow I can't see the guys kickin' back and diggin' it. If you're a man who needs some schoolin', "havin' a baby won't keep a man," then pick it up, otherwise, walk on by!

Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth have a new 16 song album out titled *Mecca and the Soul Brother*. It's quite difficult to listen to this album the whole way through because it is sounds the same. A lot of the tunes are really mellow and more on the R & B tip. (What's up with that?) As far as the delivery goes, it drops on the beat and is steady flowin'. The best song is "Ghettoes of the Mind" which is pretty damn mellow! On "The Basement" Heavy D appears along with Robo-D and Grap'd Did!, while Grand Puba is featured on "Skinz." This release isn't very good and nothing to add to your collection, really.

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Ed crossed his legs and sullenly inspected the fresh run scarring his favorite pair of nylons, a victim of last night's shoot. "God damn Ted Johnson," he mused. "Just because I couldn't advance him his fee for tomorrow's shoot, he runs me into the dolly. I wish he stuck to wrestling, that."

The boozy calm permeating the diner and its afternoon breakfast regulars was rippled by the arrival of a slight man cloaked in a long black raincoat and wraparounds, behind which a tight-lipped expression crushed a cigarette and the hung over bar patrons who dared look up from their coffee cups. His tauness

related only after spotting the shapely figure in the canary, white angora sweater and shiny black pumps. "Woody, you old marinel" gushed the twig-like figure as he and his enthusiasm strode across the coffee and nicotine stained floor.

"Stan Ridgway...it's been ages. How's tricks?"

"Just swell, Ed. That's... a fine ensemble, Mr. Wood. Better one than the LA symphony. A bit of a run in the hose, though. Is the swede giving you grief?"

"Naw, not at all, but in case he does I'll give him the Indian Burn. He could never get out of that one. Why don't you park here for breakfast, I'm buying..."

"Thanks Ed, but those scotch brunches we used to have could kill me now. I've got an appointment with Miles out in Studio City in an hour. He's offering me a deal."

"Tell me about it, Stan."

"Well, Miles wants to issue a collection of my past stuff, you know, most of the releases you can't buy anymore because he's got 'em out of print."

"You mean *The Big Heat* and *Mosquitos* albums?"

"Yep, there'll be a few songs from those and some *Wall of Voodoo* stuff, too."

"Sounds like a kiss-off to me, Stan..."

"Yeah Ed, that's what I thought too, but he's gone as far as far as including that song I did on that Kurt Weill tribute on A&M way back, 'The Cannon Song' I think it was. He wants a couple of songs from that record I did for Geffen last year and he even included that movie theme I did with Stu for *Rumble Fish*. Say Ed, you're in movies, have you ever met

Stewart? He does great film scores..."

"Stan, I'm not even in your league, much less his."

"Come on Ed, don't be like that, you're matting your sweater. You could always tell a story, besides, nobody knows the flea bitten underbelly of this town like you, Ed."

"But I never could write about it as

since... *A Time To Dance* and *Will The Wolf Survive*, their initial mid-eighties releases.

While their 1990 effort, *The Neighborhood* reaffirmed their title as bards of the barrio, *Kiko*, their latest, aspires to reclaim much more. Past standing and reprised tucked in their pockets, instead of on their sleeves, Los Lobos have succeeded in making a disc that's expansive

Orchestrator Super Matimila paid a visit to the Real World recording studios in Wiltshire, England during August of 1991 to record an album for WOMAD Productions, the second for this label run by Peter Gabriel. This is African dance music in the jangly, hypnotic guitar style, overlaid with messages of political nature or Remy's enlightening on the day-to-day problems of the African people.

Remy leads his band of drummer, bass player, and four guitarists through some incredible jams which can reach ten minutes in length (Remy also plays guitar, when not singing, making for five guitarists at times). The standout track is the 8 1/2 minute "No Money, No Life", in which the band really lets loose but the second half of the CD is where things really begin to pick up. Albeit, none of the tracks are disappointing and, all in all, this is an excellent 70 minutes of African dance music with responsible lyrics to go with it so you don't have to feel guilty listening to it over and over.

Adam Sloan

24-7 • SPYZ

well as you, Stan."

"Just keep writing those dime store novels and movie scripts, Ed."

"Only when I'm hungry, Stan."

"See ya, Edward."

"Later, Stanley."

Rob Harrison

LOS LOBOS

Kiko

(Slash/Warner)

Masters of a genre they created, Los Lobos have alternately carried and dropped the torch of Latino roots rock for almost a decade.

Lost amongst wedding waltzes, bastardization of their core sound for commercial acceptance, and being swallowed up by their own influences (La, la, la, la, la, La Bamba) was a collective personality that hasn't exercised its abundant songwriting, musicianship and fusion of styles

size (16 songs), styles and imagination. Adopting a gentleman carpenter's approach, the band's ability and versatility builds sixteen divergent songs inhabited predominately by David Hidalgo and Louie Perez's writing, covering some familiar territory such as blues ("Just A Man," "That Train Don't Stop Here Anymore"), traditional ("Saint Behind The Glass," "Arizona Skies"), and a couple of rockers ("Short Side of Nothing," "Whiskey Trail").

Adding to their eclectic sound even further, they've revealed an affection for the mid-seventies low-rockers war ("Dream In Blue",

"Angels With Dirty Faces"). Sandwiched between these two waralikes is "Wake Up Dolores", a shuffler with a Gene Krupa beat. "Kiko and the Lavender Moon" is a Kurt Weill excursion made even eerier by Steve Berlin's sax, and "Peace", a resigned little song that Hidalgo delivers in a loving (or defeated?) tone challenges your perception of its intent. Never has an inane, clichéd lyric staidy like "yeah, yeah, yeah" been so double edged.

At least their hearts, not their veins, are in the right place.

Rob Harrison

REMMY ONGALA

Mambo

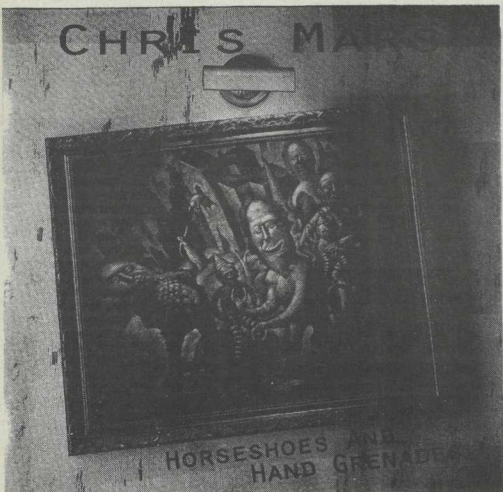
(Real World)

Hailing from

Tanzania, Remy

Ongala and his





PAMELA GOLDEN
Happens All the Time
(Park Avenue Records)
I've listened to this opus several

times now and it's failed to make much of an impression, except as something to spin during a vegan potluck or some such non-event. *Happens All the Time* gets off to a less-than-strong start with the

very Cranes-like (good God, is this post-Cocoteau Twins music about to become a trend?) "Eerie Song." A recovery is made with "Normal Life" and you begin to hope the rest of the songs are this strong, this anchored

in reality, but then "Moment of Time" falls prey to the same conceits of "Eerie Song," so light-or-than-air and whippy that it ends up drifting by like so much incense smoke.

Well, you know you're in trouble when you open up the lyrics and see, under one of the song titles, "(rhonetic)" rather than lyrics.

The rest of the record has its moments: "Break This Chain" is mildly funky, and "Changes" is, well, nice. And...gee, I forgot what I was going to say. File under "Dinner Music."

Shawn Conner

24/7 SPYZ *Strength In Numbers* (East/West)

This group has come out with another hot album, their first with the new members that played with them the last couple of shows here. Evidently, the sound has been altered somewhat due to this. The album has a definite metal influence, subduing most of the funk and other styles involved but not burying them. The first couple of songs, "Break The Chains" and "Crime Story" had me thinking this was going to be a straight heavy metal thing. These tunes have a lot in common with the last Metallica LP, heavy and flabby. The LP gets more diverse, thankfully, as it progresses. Actually, the last 5 or six songs are kicking, more of what you'd expect from the Spyz.

"I'm Not Going," "Purple," and the reggae-tinged "Understanding" are a few of the

strongest songs, in the urban political vein that 24/7 Spyz seem to be moving towards. This LP has the music strength the messages.

Strength In Numbers is extremely well-produced, typical of the band's high standards, and the talents of the group come through well. There's even a little experimental sonic thing at the end of "Room #9" just to let you know they're willing to try new things. The album's new added styles shouldn't alienate the band's diehard fans, and may bring in some new ones to boot.

Mofo

CHRIS MARS *Horseshoes and Hand Grenades* (Smash Records)

Who needs ex-lovers to write about after you've been in a postpunk rock band? Like the bitter Grant Hart/Bob Mould feud that was fought in the arena of solo albums, nearly half the song titles on *Horseshoes and Hand Grenades* look like they're about an ex-bandmate (read: Paul Westerberg). Check it out: "Popular Creeps," "Before it Began," "Monkey Sees," "Ego Maniac," "Last Drop."

The Westerberg influence doesn't stop there, the whiskey-soaked, forlorn vocals and the catchy songs populated with lovers and melancholy babies are straight out of the Replacements school of hard knocks. Bitterness and anger fuel

much of *Horseshoes and Hand Grenades* (as in "Close only counts in..."), and to good effect. This record is harder-hitting than the last Replacements effort (of which Mars was not a participant) and though the level of songcraft may not be up to Westerberg-at-his-best standards, there are enough good songs on Mars' debut solo effort to keep the listener coming back for more. Of the fourteen tunes, only four do nothing for me.

This is a real solo record, with Mars playing most of the instruments (with only a little help from a couple of Soul Asylum pals) and even contributing three Heironymous Bosch-influenced paintings to the cover art. Chris Mars may never be able to shirk "The Solo Debut from Chris Mars (Founding Member of the Replacements)" sticker that adorns the jewelbox of *Horseshoes*, but there are worse things than to be known for (pitiful poor Peter Murphy, forever to be known as a "founding member of Bauhaus").

The highest recommendation I can give this record: anyone who ever found a drinking buddy in "Here Comes a Regular" will enjoy having a drink to the "Last Drop," the last track on *Horseshoes*.

A strong recommendation indeed.

Shawn Conner

MOFO'S PSYCHOTRONIC PICS OF THE MONTH

Didja miss me? I knew you did. Lemme fill you in. I was vacationing in Edmonton around the time last issue was due. Since it was an all local scene type thing I felt it would be nice to track down some gems by the Poppy family—that ultimo schmalz band fronted by the winsome lass Susan Jack—as a symbol of what the Vancouver scene was before you were born.

But could I find one stinkin' record in Edmonton? Nooooo! Your intrepid vinylmonger spent two weeks hunting high and low for something to write about and all I came up with was a copy of *Pebbles & Bam Bam Sing Songs of Christmas*, and I have to save that one for the Yule season. That town is bereft of vinyl, folks. It is a sobering thought that you may not be able to get vinyl soon. So, rather than disrupt the whole concept with my cheerball column, I didn't do one last month, preferring to sit curled in a ball on my friend's floor, gnashing my teeth.

Which leads me to this month's yap. A couple of weeks ago, a member of much ballyhooed band Boss Hogg/Unsane managed to shuffle off this mortal coil on a surplus of heroin. On, or near, the very same day a member of equally ballyhooed band Seven year Bitch also decided to avoid touring by o.d.ing on some job as well. A bizarre turn of events, to say the least. I mean, Christ, what a loser thing to do, getting hooked on skag. It's the sort of loser thing your parents might have done in the '60's. It's kinda like playing russian roulette with a semi-automatic pistol, or voting for Ross Perot. You're predestined to lose out.

The subtitle of this month's column is "Skag Heaven," in memory of the aforementioned people.

Five People Who Were More Talented Than The Previously Mentioned Jokers, Yet Were Stupid Enough To O.D. On Heroin, And Are Thrustly Pushing Up Daisies Instead of Making Music.

1) **Handsome Ned**—This Torontonian had more talent in his little finger than most of us will ever have. A country music DJ, considered to have one of the biggest country record collections in the dominion, who was on the verge of stardom when he checked out in

a most uncountryle like fashion in 1986. *The Ballads of...released posthumously*, is a great LP of Ian Tyson meets Bakersfield cowpunk. Buy it.

2) **Darby Crash**—I guess this cat was destined to go out like this. The singer of LA hardcore band Germs (Belinda Carlisle was also in them before her lobotomy), who couldn't seem to be disciplined enough to even sing into the mic, was way cooler than Sid ever was. Best quote: "Gimme a beer!"

3) **Hillel Slovak**—The best guitarist the Chili peppers ever had, Slovak cashed in his chips before he could cash in his fat paychecks. As a result the RHCP are going through guitarists faster than Spinal Tap goes through drummers. Expiry date: 1988.

4) **Tim Hardin**—An obscure artist whose influence was far greater than his personal success, Hardin's best music came out in the late sixties on the ultra cool Verve label. Hardin spent most of the seventies drooling in drug addicted stupor, making hurting records until he used his works for the last time in 1980.

5) **Tim Buckley**—*Greetings From LA*, released in 1972, had him poised for greatness, with his useful, introspective songwriting way ahead of its time. I'm no folksy, mind you, but "Starsailor" is my favourite. This Mortal Coil's best song is a cover of his "Song to the Siren." Damn fine singer, and dead way too soon. O.D.'ed in 1975.



Darby Crash of GERMS 1958-1980

Five Great Heroin Songs

- 1) **Strangers**—"Golden Brown"
- 2) **Jim Carroll**—"Lorraine" from the LP *Dr. Dreams*. Well, really, aren't all his songs about heroin?
- 3) **Velvet Underground**—"Sister Ray" True chaos and terror in VU style.
- 4) **Patti Smith's** song off of *Horses* that's really cool but I can't find my copy right now, so you've got to trust me on this.
- 5) **Clarence Williams & His Washboard Band**—"Jerry the Junker"

The oldest heroin song I've ever heard. A hook. Version I heard was from a compilation called *Reefer Songs on Jazz Records*.

Two People Who Owe Their Success To Smack

- 1) **Jim Carroll**—If this man hadn't been an abuser, he would probably been in the NBA. Junk is his career.
- 2) **Lou Reed**—He would have been writing jingles or playing bad dance tunes like "The Ostrich" if it wasn't for the spike (and Delmore Schwartz, I guess). His insight and bitterness was infused with experiences with heroin and his users.

Two Groups Who Can O.D. Anytime Now

- 1) **Jethro Tull**
- 2) **Procul Harum**

You get the picture. I don't want to come off as a preacher. I do a variety of drugs if I get spare cash, which is pretty damn rare in these times. But dependency drugs, more often than not, tend to wind up being crutches much like organized religions, gangs, or Amway. Be responsible for crissakes.

Next month, a stupider column, wherein I give you all the straight skinny on the weirdos in rock throughout the years. Oops, gotta go, my mini Eggos are done!



Poison Idea TownPump Monday, 27 June

Jerry A, you stand accused of misrepresentation and guilt by association. Counsel for the plaintiff, call your witness to the stand.

Mr. *Discorder* Gig Reviewer, tell us what you recall on the night of June 27, 1992 during the Poison Idea Show?

Poison Idea record their music in an aggressive, no nonsense style that I find both entertaining as well as emotionally provocative. As a result, I hoped their live show would be consistent with this. Of course, it is a rare occasion for a band to reproduce a well-recorded sound live, as well as successfully incorporate the visual element. That night, Poison Idea succeeded.

They went rippin' through a set of hardcore tunes that had people grinnin' their teeth and yellin' in rage. Some were even good enough to get a shot at the mic for a few lines. Poison Idea were chuggin' away like a Mack truck. But then, something inexplicable happened: something avoided during most of the show that would have disturbed the flow, something that slowed down the pace and lowered the intensity level.

Time was taken out of their set to comment on a magazine that gave Poison Idea some unfavourable reviews.

"*Discorder* hates us," and "To everyone at *Discorder*, we'd just like to say fuck off," are a sample of the statements made. Ignoring the fact that I was there as a *Discorder* representative, I still thought it was unnecessary. Irrelevant slugging bound only to widen a bugay gap between Poison Idea and *Discorder*, existing only in the minds of Jerry A and those sharing his sentiments.

On one count of misrepresentation ("Discorder hates us") I state that *Discorder* can't hate

you. The simplest reason being that I contribute to *Discorder* and I don't hate you or your opinions.

On one count of guilt by association ("To everyone at *Discorder*...") I state that one must try to understand that *Discorder* is a product of the efforts of a collective. If you'd like to say fuck off to those



who are responsible for their opinion of your show or your records, then so be it. However, it does not follow that the opinion of one reviewer for magazine X is the same as the opinions that comprise the rest of that magazine.

It's been stated that press is press, may be good or otherwise. Either consider this for its deemed worth or follow another and, "Don't listen to the newspapers."

Braden Z

Cure Cranes Seattle Center Coliseum Seattle, WA Tuesday, 30 June

Alison Shaw probably had a birthday party that no one came to when she was a small child and she probably cried into her birthday cake. In any case, Alison brings back all of those childhood pains, broken nursery rhymes, twisted dreams and those fantastic nightmares that we all had. Her frightened vocals bring all of the pain back in full force, like a storm that devastates and leaves only skeletons behind.

Her brother, and drummer, Jim Shaw probably had his favourite stuffed toy yanked away from him and thrown in the trash bin as a small child. Then he was probably banished to his room for crying. This, to me, explains why Jim pounds on the drums as if his sanity depends on it.

The combination of Alison's chilling vocals, Jim's furious pounding, Matt and Marx's sonic guitars brought tears gushing to my eyes. I also kept remembering not fitting in at school and the pain that still lingers with my most recent thoughts.

The Cranes opened the show with six brutally beautiful songs which awakened the audience members from their personal disparities. I was left with a bitersweet taste that could not be quenched with just six songs, I wanted



the main course. Guitarist Mark Francome doubled on keyboards for "Tomorrow's Tears" and "Adoration" which are both flightful songs anchored down to earth with a simple bassline and heavy piano. Alison swayed back and forth as she delivered her vocals reminding me of Liz Frazier, but only in her mannerisms. "Living

and Breathing" and "Starblood" display the Cranes' harder edged industrial side. The band ended their set with the infamous "Starblood" and the audience went insane with a collective enthusiasm. Unfortunately, the lights came up after the song and the band disappeared from the stage much in the same way that a good nightmare disappears when entering a waking state.

This is the first time that I have seen The Cure in concert but the thought of being in a coliseum full of people who suffer from acute depression thrilled me to death. The Cure played through a repertoire of fifteen years of fun and not so fun albums. I favoured the fun stuff because the songs reminded me of my dance club days. Highlights of the evening were when the band played: "Boys Don't Cry", "Just Like Heaven", "Why Can't I Be You", "The Walk" and "Let's Go To Bed."

Robert Smith, who oversees adulthood, resembled an averted three-year-old as he bounced around like Peter Pan singing howling the fun stuff. That, however, ended soon because Robert swings through moods rather quickly. When he decided to be serious and beckon forth the pains of adulthood, he sent many into the depths of depression: "Cut" off of *Wish* made me think about how stupid my life is, and I am sure that I was not the only one questioning the value of existing because after I came out of my thoughts and found myself slumped on the floor, I looked around to see others with that same morbid expression on their faces.

The night wore on through a barrage of painful lights which ended up dominating the band's set. In fact, painful is the key word here: the lights were blinding, the strobes nauseating and the guitars brutally attacked my eardrums and senses that were still intact! I did recognize a few songs off of *Loveless* and I was even relieved for a brief moment when I thought, finally I am going to enjoy this show. But when Billinda Butcher began singing, I, and 1/3 of the audience, couldn't hear the vocals at all and figured that the pain in our heads was pointless and left the theatre.

I must be getting old because I can't understand why MBV had to crank their guitars so loud that you couldn't hear the drums, bass or the vocals. If MBV would tone down the lights, turn down the guitars enough to hear anything but white noise, I'd be writing about how much I loved the band instead of how the show really sucked.

Patty-Lynne Herlevi
Sarah McLachlan
Lava Hay
Orpheum
Friday, 3 July
Something happened at the Orpheum July 3 that I must say I felt honored and privileged to be a part of. What I witnessed was officially the nicest concert in the history of modern music. Not the best, loudest, most exciting, most entertaining, or longest...but the *nicest*. It would have

been enough to cause me to reexperience the food that was trying to exit my stomach the same way it got in...if only it hadn't have been so infernally enjoyable.

The evening began with the local female duo Lava Hay strumming and singing their feel-good Indigo Girls-meets-Michelle Shocked repertoire. The audience seemed to be happily swaying to and fro the whole time, even if the female vocalists seemed more than a little shaky. However, their harmonies basically worked and, if you didn't mind the lack of variety of sound and songwriting, you were likely one of the ones swaying to and fro.

By the time Sarah took the stage, I, for one, was ready for a good voice, imaginative songwriting and musical arrangement, and a little 'scuze the cliché) soul, goddamn it! She didn't disappoint.

Kicking her set off with a candlelight rendition of "Vox," McLachlan had the audience right with her from the first note. As the moved through her catalogue of modest hits such as "Steaming," "Drawn to the Rhythm," "Into the Fire," and "The Path of Thorns" the crowd seemed to become increasingly gleeful and Sarah increasingly overwhelmed by their response. I was sure everyone in the building was going to have some obscene love-in. Almost happened too. When McLachlan came out for her first three (or was it four) encores the stage was rushed in a gesture of adulation that had McLachlan near tears.

I could go on but I think you get the basic idea without hearing any more graphic details. Anyhow, if your idea of a good concert is noise, distortion, perspiration and mayhem, then never see McLachlan or Lava Hay. But if you enjoy happy times, excellent music, and Sarah poking fun at Madonna by doing a quick cover of "Vogue," all rolled up into one two and a half hour Kodak Moment, then you missed a doozy.

Dru Pavlov

Skinny Puppy Moore Theatre, Seattle Sunday, 5 July

This concert turned into the Skinny Puppy From Hell show. First, why would Skinny Puppy play in the Seattle equivalent to the Orpheum and why was there enough security to guard Fort Knox? Why did I get the despicable balcony seats and why is Perry Farrell on the cover of *Spin* yet again?

This was my ninth Skinny Puppy show and there was no way I was sitting in balcony seats. So your hapless Puppy devotee desperately tried to scam her way into the coveted floor area. I hung out in the foyer looking for a way to dart in but no luck, everybody's ticket was being checked. So after much stomping up and down of stairs and cursing security, I retreated to the women's washroom to fume. I started telling everybody my tale of woe and a Gold woman actually TRADED tickets—her floor seat for my balcony—with me!

I eluded the heavy security—obviously, somebody got Guns 'n'



Sarah Moore Roses and Skinny Puppy mixed up—to hop into the minuscule pit in front of the stage and weasled my way to where I wanted to be.

Maybe I'm getting old but the
 gore stuff doesn't do much for me
 anymore. However, Ogre's
 interaction with the large screen at
 the rear of the stage was very
 evocative. Most of the images
 were in black and white and from
 the "Killing Game" video (you know,
 the one where Ogre gets attacked,
 metaphorically and physically, by
 demons). There was also some
 Virtual Reality stuff, where Ogre
 wore a VR helmet and colour footage
 of the band was projected onto the
 screen. It was a little bit like being
 shot with clouds in the background
 and, of course, the hofo part where
 a tentacle rips Ogre's face—okay,
 maybe some of the gore was fun.
 Something that took up a lot of
 space and wasn't utilized very
 effectively was the maxipole
 dripping with tortured faces and doll
 arms.

what happens.
John Scudeler

Cracker
Antenna
Turn Pump
Tuesday, 14 July

It is time to rid our city of that
 fouldest rats, the FOX Fest.
 Little did I realize that tonight the
 Fox was added to the bill to delight
 and thrill the audience. In between
 groping innocent females and
 performing the idiotic "Fox-Trot"
 this beast was just a plain menace at
 the show. It is truly time for a mass
 uprising, a Holy Jihad, to sanctify our
 streets and permit our children to
 live peacefully.

Mammoth Recording artists
 Antenna began the show with a
 nondescript, albeit polite, guitarrock

The theme of the evening was paranoia and self-persecution and Ogre did manage to bring this through a couple of times. Particularly when he started screaming at the audience, "Who the fuck are you! What do you want!" and when he faced his image on the screen and did an obsessive dance with himself in time to the explosive "Anger." The "Guilt Suit," a rubber body suit with syringes sticking out of it, also illustrated the theme quite well.

As in the "Too Dark Park" tour, the highlight was the encore with Ogre just being himself, smoking a cigarette and staring out into the audience. Ogre meandered off the stage and a backlight image of him flickered on the screen, complete with anti-drug messages—"Your gift is misused." Words to live by...Ogre should know.

Puppy seemed concerned

purposefully cliché laden lyrics with his new band the end result seems contrived compared to the spontaneity of everything Camper.

I liked many songs on their debut self-titled release, including their smash hit "It Smells Like Teen Angst (What the World Needs Now)," however, the band's new songs were alarmingly way too country, yikes!!! Even with the addition of their new twangy songs the band struggled to complete their overlong hour set. In fact, audience members had to yell out song titles in order for the band to round out their allotted time.

The only highlight to the show was the band's encore. The first song was, "Don't Fuck Me Up (With Peace and Love)," a good song but one which they had already performed that night. Then, with a look of desperation in his eyes, Lowry called upon the Cracker roadie to come up on stage and sing a song. Obligingly, the roadie grabbed the microphone and belted out a song called "Why Do I Keep Fucking Up," the lyrics for which he read from the backside of a beer coaster. When your roadie gets the biggest applause of the night you know it's time for you to quit or gain a new band member.

Lance Chalmers

The Dead Milkmen
Billy Goat
The Town Pump
Friday, 17 July

How the hell do you review a Dead Milkmen concert? Think about it, how do you explain a band like the Milkmen to people who are clued-out enough to not know who they

for those of you

familiar with HP Hovercraft, Butterfly Fairweather, Dean Clean, Dave Blood and their soul-searching musical repertoire including "Bitchin' Camaro," "Punk Rock Girl," "Smokin' Banana Peels," "Ringo Buys a Rifle," "Methodist Colouring Book" and "Life is Shit," what can be said about the Milkmen that you don't already know?

The evening started something like this: Billy Goat took the stage to kick things off (when they finally arrived, that is. The Milkmen were asking that they were gonna have to open for themselves 'cause nobody seemed to know where Billy Goat was or if they were planning on showing up). Anyway, when they got down to playing music, Billy Goat was pretty good. Lots of energy, cool songs and good musicians. The go-go dancer I probably could have done without, although her high intensity shaking and grinding, while throwing various bags of food products indiscriminately into the crowd, and wearing of bizarre masks, was definitely made for a unique show.

As for the Dead Milkmen, they were, well, the Dead Milkmen. I realize that may sound a bit redundant but it's the only accurate way to describe them. They were loud, obnoxious, moderately musical and extremely amusing. They seemed to be havin' quite the blast on stage, as was the crowd who thrashed around incessantly from note one of the Milkmen's set.

In the end, we'd seen a cool, if odd, opening act, slammed around a lot, and heard a lot of really fucked-up music. But the bottom line was we'd gotten exactly what we'd paid to see: the Dead Milkmen. And that was that. You know what, Stuart? I like you. You're not like the other people here in this trailer park.

Dru Pavlov



Dead Milkmen Photo by Len Whistler

the cruel elephant

the *only* alternative nightclub

don't exist, remember long ago when the cruel elephant didn't suck! well, it just got longer 'cause on sat aug 11's the **SECOND ANNIVERSARY SHOW** with a showcase of the best rock type stuff and **free stuff**: **AUG 19-90/AUG 19/2 free commemorative limited edition t-shirt for the first hundred people to arrive** (the t-shirt has the words "I'm a Punk" and "I'm a Punk" on it) **Skates** still thanks to P.D.'s Hot Shop, also getting help from Whistler Brewing and, of course, rock bands! caroline recording artists from new york. **WALT MINK w/** network recording artists from chilliwack. **MYSTERY MACHINE w/** new and improved heavies **THE PASTIES w/** temple north w/ narduar's own rock kings **THE GOBLINS** plus more surprise guests to start the event off and even after all this time, we love you. **THURS 4 CUEL DISCO SWEET CREAM 70'S STYLE wed 5** the illustrious **CATHERINE WHEEL w/** guests **thurs 6** mint records presents the 7' single release party for the mighty **IAN KHOO 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6 VARIOUS	CIAM CHOWDER & ICE	NARDWURFL
7 HELMET	MEANTIME	ATLANTIC-AMPEL/TANDEM
8 LAVA HAY	WITH A PICTURE IN MIND	CAPITOL-NETWEEK
9 TEAR GARDEN	THE LAST MAN TO FLY	CAPITOL-NETWEEK
10 CHANGE OF HEART	SMILE	CARGO
11 MIRANDA SEX GARDEN	IRIS	ELEKTRA-MUTE
12 WEEN	THE POD	CARGO-SHIMMY-DEC
13 CYPRESS HILL	SOMETHING FOR THE BLUNTED	RUFFHOUSE
14 FASTBACKS	THE QUESTION NO	CARGO-SUB POP
15 ROOTS ROUND UP	WHAT WE DO	GROUNDUP
16 VARIOUS	HEAVEN AND HELL	IMAGINARY
17 LOST DAKOTAS	LAST TRAIN TO KIPFLING	INDEPENDANT
18 PAIN TEENS	STIMULATION FESTIVAL	TRANCE
19 SONICS	MAINTAINING MY COOL	JERDEN
20 UNREST	IMPERIAL	CAROLINE-NO.6
21 BEAT HAPPENING	JAMBOREE	CARGO-SUB POP
22 DANIEL JOHNSON	ARTIFIC VICE	CARGO-SHIMMY-DEC
23 VARIOUS	ZOO RAVE 1	BMG-TOWN&TANDEM
24 VARIOUS	DONOVAN ISLAND OF CIRCLES	CAPITOL-NETWEEK
25 VIDEO BARBEQUE	MAXIMALISM	BIG CITY
26 NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS	HENRY'S DREAM	ELEKTRA-MUTE
27 FACEPULLER	CRANIAL EXPANSION DEVICE	TEMPLE NORTH
28 FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY	NEURAL IMPLANT	CARGO-THIRD MIND
29 MR. T EXPERIENCE	LEMONADE	LOOKOUT
30 NO PAPASOV	BALKANOLOGY	RYKOBSIC
31 PAVEMENT	SLANTED AND ENCHANTED	MAIADOR

32 VARIOUS	HERE COME THE SOUND PIRATES	INTERPOD
33 VARIOUS	THE WAAAAAH CD	BIRING ON BULL
34 CATHEDRAL LAKES SINGERS	POW WOW SONGS VOL.1	FESTIVAL-SCAR
35 SHELA CHANDRA	WEAVING MY ANCESTORS' VOICES	REAL WORLD
36 DAS EFX	DEAD SERIOUS	EASTWEST-ATLANTIC
37 AMY DENIO	BIRTHING CHAIR BLUES	KNITTING FACTORY
38 LEMONHEADS	IT'S A SHAME ABOUT RAY	ATLANTIC
39 POI DOG PONDERSING	VOLO VOLO	COLUMBIA-TEXAS HOTEL
40 TOM TOM CLUB	DARK SNEAK LOVE ACTION	SIRE-REPRISE
41 VARIOUS	WE BITE AMERICA	WE BITE AMERICA
42 X-CLAN	XODUS	POLYGRAM
43 A-BONES	I WAS A TEENAGE MUMMY	NORTON
44 CABARET VOLTAIRE	TECHNOLOGY: WESTERN REWORKS 1992	VIRGIN
45 CHIMBAWAMBA	SHHH	AGIT PROP
46 DIM STARS	DM STAIRS	CAROLINE
47 DISCIP NINETEENS	DELAWARE	CAROLINE
48 THE LUDWIGS	IDLE AND UNDESIRABLE	NINE-8 SOUTH
49 MERCURY REV	YERSELF IS STEAM	ROUGH TRADE
50 MONSTER VOODOO MACHINE	BURN	EPIDEMIC

AUGUST 92 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1 MECCA NORMAL B/W KREVS	3-SONG EP 7"	SUB POP
2 STOMPIN' TOM CONNORS	BELIEVE IN YOUR COUNTRY CD-5	CAPITOL
3 BUM	"PROMISE IS A PROMISE" 7"	LANCIE ROCK
4 THEE HEADCOATS	MY DEAR WATSON 7"	ESTRUS
5 THE FELLS	"SPACE GIRLS" 7"	DARK TWIST
6 HED	"VOODOO CHILL" 7"	DUTCH EAST-ROCKVILLE
7 HOUSE OF PAIN	JUMP AROUND 12"	TOMMY BOY
8 PHEG CAMP	"BEAKER" 7"	FINAL NOTICE
9 KID ROCK	"BACK FROM THE DEAD" 12"	CONTINUUM-TOPDOG
10 CAT'S GAME	HOME SWEET HOME 7"	3 MINUTE MILE
11 CATHERINE WHEEL	12"	WILD CLUB
12 DEL THE FUNKE HOMOSAPEN	DR. BOMBAY 12"	ELEKTRA
13 FLOP	"DURK" & "ACTION" 7"	DASHROAD HULA GRL
14 JESUS LEARD	"WHEELCHAIR EPIDEMIC" 7"	TOUCHGANG
15 THE MUFFS	"GIRLY"/"RIGHT IN THE EYE" 7"	AU GO GO
16 NAUGHTY BY NATURE	GUARD YOUR GRILL 12"	TOMMY BOY
17 BROTHER BUZZ	"DYNAMITE" 7"	EMPTY
18 CAVEMAN SHOESTORE	"AN ANGEL FLEW BY"/"SPILL" 7"	T/K
19 DAS EFX	"MIC CHECKA" 12"	EAST WEST-ATLANTIC
20 HOT GLUE GUN	"I'LL KILL YOU" 7"	MUD
21 M-80'S	3-SONG EP 7"	ESTRUS
22 THE MUFFS	NEW LOVE 7"	SYMPATHY
23 THE POSSES	"FEEL"/"I AM THE COSMOS" 7"	PORPLAMA
24 SCARLET DROPS	"DOGM-SELF"/"CLING" 7"	HARRIET
25 SCHLEP ROCK	"LOOKING BACK" + 2 7"	EMPTY
26 SUN CITY GIRLS	"NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE" 7"	SCRATCH
27 SMURLES	"SARAH SITTING" 7"	SLUMBERLAND
28 TANKHOG	TRAIN SONGS 7"	MINT
29 THE UNDERTAKERS	"TIME MACHINE"/"LOOKOUT" 7"	TOMSTONE
30 VELOCITY GIRL	"MY FORGOTTEN FAVORITE" 7"	SLUMBERLAND
31 WACKER BISCUIT	"HEY AYO!"/"LITTLE KIDDE HURT" 7"	SKANKONE
32 THE STAND	"SAC BUNCH OF PEOPLE" 7"	EN GUARD
33 CAPTAIN 95	SOPHIE'S TIKI LOUNGE 7"	HEARTPUNCH
34 DEAD MOON	FIRE IN THE WESTERN WORLD 7"	TOMSTONE
35 CROWDELL	LUCKY SPLIT 7"	JETISON

AUGUST 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

1 FOAM	"SICK MAN"
2 WICKED SWIMMING DOG	"FROM HERE TO YOUR GARDEN"
3 THE FALCONS	"SHADOWLAND"
4 HUEVO BANCHEROS	"REFITTE"
5 CAUSTIC THOUGHT	"PLANET CLAIRE"
6 VEDA HILL	"CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD"
7 MEAT DABY	"TRAIN SONG"
8 SHORT LEASH	"BAG LADY"
9 MCIVELAND	"BANT"
10 RATTLED ROOSTERS	"I'LL BE GOOD"
11 JUDY RADUL	"BUCKLE UP"
12 LAFFING STOCK	"HEAR OR THERE"
13 ALBION CAMERON	"A BLANK SHEET OF METAL"
14 SINUS ENVY	"BULGARIAN BODY BAG"
15 MAN	"PEOPLE BOW"
16 ALICE UNDERGROUND	"TWISTING ROPE"
17 PROMENT VEHICLE	"WILMA DANCE"
18 MEAT DABY	"LITTLE ZEBRAS"
19 CANE TOADS	"HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHT"
20 THE COLES	"JESSIE'S GIRL"
21 TERROR T AND THE BAIT ASSASSINATOR	"NO MEANS NO"
22 SLOAN	"UNDERWHELMED"
23 STARBOYS	"BASTARDS OF '76"
24 GOGUY	"FUN POKING AS AN ART"
25 OMBINOL	"HOMEMADE FESTIVAL"
26 SHORT LEASH	"DRINKING WITH THE ANGEL"
27 FESTIVE EDDIES	"KIRSTINE"
28 HUMIK	"TRUTH"
29 SNISTER DUDE RANCH	"PLANT SONGS"
30 DIRT	"L.O.V.E."
31 HAZEL MOTES	"INSPIRATION"
32 PHYCIS	"MY BRAIN IS GONE"
33 MINIREELS ON SPEED	"HOLE IN MY HEAD"
34 SAINTS AND POETS	"BETTER LIFE"
35 PIGMENT VEHICLE	"1 AM"

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4 HOODOO GURUS	BLOW YOUR COOL	POLYGRAM
5 LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO	SHAKA ZULU	WEA
6 LYDIA LUNCH	HYSTERIE	CD PRESENTS
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8 CONTROLLED BLEEDING	CORE	SUBTERRANEAN
9 WALL OF VOODOO	HAPPY PLANET	IRS
10 THE PASTELS	THE PASTELS EP	POLYGRAM

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DISORDER DATEBOOK

30 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC PI Pub... **TVITS** with **Man and Centipede** **Ranch Foe** at the Cruel Elephant... **Lightning Lester** at the Railway Club... **Anarchist Incubated with Big Tail Gardens** at the Town Pump... **The Wake, Mind the Gap, and Orbit in Bloom** at 86 Street... **Frankie Armstrong** at La Quena Coffee House... **Dick Gaghan** at the WISE Club... **Willie P. Bennett** with **Pat Temple** & the **High Loosesome Players** at the Langley Playhouse... **Eddy Shaw** at the Yale... **Torry Edwards Band** at the Maximum Blues Pub... **Hugh Fraser Trio** at Cafe Django... **Amadea Hughes** at Shampers... **The Paladins** with the **Rattled Rooters** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Connecting Lines** (7:15pm) and **Nashville** (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... **The Double Life of Veronique** (7:30pm) and **Voyager** (9:30pm) at the Ridge... **Bard on the Beach: The Tempest** continues at Vanier Park... **"Vehicles of Desire: Metaphors of Power"** and **"Auto-Biographies"** continue through August 30 at the Main Gallery of the Surrey Art Gallery... **"Headlighting"** by Thaddeus Holowina continues through August at the Theatre Gallery of the Surrey Art Gallery... **"Fred Douglas's Fictional Cars"** continues through August at the Children's Mini Gallery of the Surrey Art Gallery...

31. FRI 1992 Gay/Lesbian Pride Festival presents **Tom Robinson** with **Babe Barr** at the Commodore... **Booze Club** with **Jack Foot Fies** at the Cruel Elephant... **Acoustically Inclined** at the Railway Club... **She Stole My Beer** with **Water** at the Town Pump... **Def FX** at 86 Street... **The Allens Brothers** with **Bless Traveler** at the Plaza of Nations... **Bernaby Cultural Music Festival** at the Civic Square with **Stephens Feuring**, **Ugly**, and **Eltona McGee**... **Rick Patterson**, **Jeani Bigs**, and **Scandy Saffell** at La Quena Coffee House... **Pravio Otterson** at the Breakers... **The Paladins** at Speedy OTubbs... **Eddy Shaw** at the Yale... **Torry Edwards Band** at the Maximum Blues Pub... **Hugh Fraser Trio** at Cafe Django... **Amadea Hughes** at Shampers... **The Roches** with **David Roche** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Vancouver Early Music** and the **UBC School of Music** presents **Julianne Baird in Concert: Music of the Renaissance and Early Baroque** at the UBC Recital Hall... **Spatswood** (7:30pm & 9:30pm) at the Ridge... **Tonight or Never** (7:30pm) and **Jeantech** (9:15pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Bard on the Beach: The Tempest** continues at Vanier Park...

1. SAT The Cruel Elephant 2nd Anniversary Show with **Faceliner**, **Thee Goblins**, **Mystery Machine**, **The Pasties**, and **Wid Mink**. **Gay/Lesbian Pride Festival** continues... **Memory Day** at the Railway Club... **The Blasters** with the **Grames Bros** at the Commodore... **The Paladins** with the **Rattled Rooters** at the Town Pump... **Eddy Shaw** at the Yale... **Torry Edwards Band** at the Maximum Blues Pub... **Hugh Fraser Trio** at Cafe Django... **The Roches** with **David Roche** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Tonight or Never** (7:30pm) and **Jeantech** (9:15pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Powell Street Festival** at Oppenheimer Park...

2 SUN 1992 Gay/Lesbian Pride Festival presents **Ranch Romance** with **Beverly Elliott** and **Travellers in Paradise** at the Commodore... **Percell Strig** **Quarters** at Cafe Django... **Do Fallopia** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Mother Kesters** **Go to Heaven** (7:30pm) and **Is a Year of 13 Moons** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Powell Street Festival** at Oppenheimer Park...

3 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC PI Pub... **Oliver & the Elements** at the Yale... **The Blasters** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Mother Kesters** **Go to Heaven** (7:30pm) and **Is a Year of 13 Moons** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

4 TUE **Lloyd Jones Struggle** at the Yale... **Cruel 70's Disco** at the Cruel Elephant...

5 WED **The Catherine Wheel** at the Cruel Elephant... **Lloyd Jones**

Struggle at the Yale... **All That Heaven Allows** (7:30pm) and **All I Desire** (9:15pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

6 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC PI Pub... **Tankhook** with **Twelve Eyes** and the **Holy Cows** at the Cruel Elephant... **Animal Stares** with **Amy Denis** at the Town Pump... **Lloyd Jones Struggle** at the Yale... **Life Classes** (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

7 FRI CTR presents **Beastie Boys**, **Sonic Youth**, **L7** and **House of Pain** at the PNE Exhibition Bowl... CTR presents **Lee Lou** with the **Mensah Regan Band**, **Tropical Breeze**, and **Small Axe** at the Commodore... **Chrome Dog** with **Little Joe** and **Touque** at the Cruel Elephant... **Bo's Your Uncle** at 86 Street... **Lloyd Jones Struggle** at the Yale... **James McMurtry** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Vancouver Early Music** and the **UBC School of Music** presents **Romanesco Canticles of Ecstatic Prayer: Music of 12th Century Cloisters** at St. Philips Anglican Church... **Frige Festival Preview** at the Fringe Club... **La Paloma** (7:30pm) and **Violanta** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

8 SAT **Hevos Rancheros** with the **Morganfields** and **The Felis** at the Cruel Elephant... **Shade Boys** at the Town Pump... **The Waterpots**, **Deadhead Cool**, **See McDowry** and **Jaqui Parker-Siedler** at the WISE Hall... **Dr. Hook** at the Commodore... **Kim Mitchell** with **See Medley** at the PNE Exhibition Bowl... **Lloyd Jones Struggle** at the Yale... **Baroque Whitfield** & the **Savages** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **La Paloma** (7:30pm) and **Violanta** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

9 SUN Under the Volcano Festival with **Uzume Taiko**, **Roots Roundup**, **Regamuffin Rascals**, **Still Life**, **Ngoma**, **Vanessa Lebrados**, **Li'Wet** **Hard Drummers**, **Struggle**, **Sparkmarker**, **Krewisa**, **Sara De Rosa**, **Video Bar-b-que**, **Myr Gordon**, **Los Cebos** **Cap**, **Charlatane UK** with **The Catherine Wheel** at the Commodore... **Los Lobos** at 86 Street... **Lili Marlene** (7:15pm) and **The American Soldier** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Theatre BC's 4th Annual New Play Workshops** opens on Granville Island...

10 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC PI Pub... **Lili Marlene** (7:15pm) and **The American Soldier** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Theatre BC's 4th Annual New Play Workshops** continues on Granville Island...

11 TUE **King Szany** **Adel** at the Commodore... **Liawood Slim** at the Yale... **Cruel 70's Disco** at the Cruel Elephant... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C... **Theatre BC's 4th Annual New Play Workshops** continues on Granville Island...

12 WED **Lock Jaw** with **BUM** and **Big Tail Gardens** at the Cruel Elephant... **Liawood Slim** at the Yale... **Magnificent Obsession** (7:30pm) and **Imitation of Life** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C... **Theatre BC's 4th Annual New Play Workshops** continues on Granville Island...

13 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC PI Pub... **TAD** with **Elvis Love Child** and **Pigment Velocity** at the Cruel Elephant... **James McMurtry** at the Tom Lee Music Hall... **Fourth Estate** at the Rock Cellar... **Liawood Slim** at the Yale... **Roy Rogers** & the **Delta Rhythm Kings** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Magnificent Obsession** (7:30pm) and **Imitation of Life** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C... **Theatre BC's 4th Annual New Play Workshops** continues on Granville Island...

14 FRI **B.A.R.F.** with **Aging Youth Gang** at the Cruel Elephant... **Liawood Slim** at the Yale... **Jimbojass** and **Edward II** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Vancouver Early Music** and the **UBC School of Music** presents **Renaissance and Baroque Music and Dance** at the UBC Recital Hall... **Shadows of Angels** (7:30pm) and **Notre Dame de la Croisette** plus **Do Everything in the Dark** in Order to Save Your Lord the Light (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C... **Theatre BC's 4th Annual New Play Workshops** continues on Granville Island...

15 SAT **Hammerbox**, **My Name and Genome** at the Cruel Elephant... **Byron Leo** & the **Dragoolars** with **Jimbojass** **Brass Band** at the Commodore... **Liawood Slim** at the Yale... **Mosses** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Shadows of Angels** (7:30pm) and **Notre Dame de la Croisette** plus **Do Everything in the Dark** in Order to Save Your Lord the Light (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C... **Theatre BC's 4th Annual New Play Workshops** continues on Granville Island...

16 SUN **Kenny G** at the Orpheum... **The Stationmaster's Wife** (7:30pm) and **Katzelmacher** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

17 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC PI Pub... **Holmes Brothers** of the Yale... **Guss & Hones**, **Metallica**, and **Faith No More** at BC Place Stadium... **The Stationmaster's Wife** (7:30pm) and **Katzelmacher** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C...

18 TUE **Stan Marshall's Law** from England at the Yale... **Cruel 70's Disco** at the Cruel Elephant... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C...

19 WED **Vertigo** with **Man** and **001 Losers Club** at the Cruel Elephant... **Indigo Girls** with **Matthew Sweet** at the Orpheum... **Stan Marshall's Law** at the Yale... **Written on the Wind** (7:30pm) and **The Tarlished Angel** (9:30pm)

at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C...

20 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC PI Pub... **Ripchords** with **The Stead** and **Bullet Proof Nothing** at the Cruel Elephant... **Mike Jacobs** at the Yale... **Rambille's Jack Elliott** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **A Bullet in the Head** (7:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C...

21 FRI **The Lost Dakotas** with **Baghouse Five** at the Cruel Elephant... **Mike Jacobs** at the Yale... **Kristen Barry** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Hecate**, **Mistress of the Night** (7:30pm) and **Tosca's Kiss** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C...

22 SAT © with **TIR** at the Cruel Elephant... **Mike Jacobs** at the Yale... **Gotie** **Edith Farnish** **Rave** at the COCA Center for Contemporary Arts (all ages, Seattle)... **Hecate**, **Mistress of the Night** (7:30pm) and **Tosca's Kiss** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... **Sleep Tight** at the V.E.C.C...

23 SUN **Napalm Death**, **Carcass**, **Cathedral**, and **Brutal Truth** at the New York Theatre... **Veronika Voss** (7:30pm) and **Satan's Brew** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

24 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC PI Pub... **Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... **Veronika Voss** (7:30pm) and **Satan's Brew** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

25 TUE **Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... **Cruel 70's Disco** at the Cruel Elephant...

26 WED **Dead Beat Back Bone** with **Foam** and **Twitch** at the Cruel Elephant... **Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... **A Door to the Sky** (7:30pm) and **Night of the Jackal** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

27 THU CTR Alternative Thursdays at the UBC PI Pub... **Drive Like Jehu** with **Jack Foot Fine** and **Sineater** at the Cruel Elephant... **Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... **Andy O** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Dreams of Hied and Camilla** (7:30pm) and **The Papapeter** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

28 FRI **Rhythm & Blues All-Stars** at the Yale... **Ellen McIlwaine** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Canticle of the Stones** (7:30pm) and **The Dupes** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

29 SAT **Coffin Break** with **Sex with Nixon** at the Cruel Elephant... **Village People** at the Commodore... **Rhythm & Blues All-Stars** at the Yale... **Scott Henderson**, **Gary Willis**, and **Tribal Tact** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **100 Years of Cinema in 24 Hours: A "Film Watching" Marathon** (noon Aug. 29 to noon Aug. 30) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

30 SUN "Vehicles of Desire: Metaphors of Power" and "Auto-Biographies" close at the Main Gallery of the Surrey Art Gallery... **Queerle** (7:30pm) and **Beware of a Holy Whore** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque...

31 MON CTR Alternative Mondays at the UBC PI Pub... **Queerle** (7:30pm) and **Beware of a Holy Whore** (9:30pm) at the Pacific Cinematheque... CTR members might wanna think about renewing their memberships soon...

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Alma Street Cafe • 2505 Alma (at Broadway)
Backstage • Ballard, Seattle
Cafe Bergman • 52 Powell Street (Gastown)
Cafe Django • 1184 Denman Street (at Davie)
Commodore Ballroom • 870 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
Cruel Elephant • 23 West Cordova Street (Gastown)
86 Street • Plaza of Nations (BC Enterprise Centre)
Glass Slipper • 195 East 11th Avenue (at Main)
Isadora's • 1540 Old Bridge (Granville Island)
Latin Quarter 1305 Commercial Drive
Maximum Blues Pub • 1176 Granville Street (at Davie)
Oppenheimer Park • 400 block Powell Street
Paradise Cinema • 919 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre • 3440 Cambie Street
PI Pub • basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Queen Elizabeth Theatre • Hamilton at Georgia Street
Railway Club • 579 Dunsmuir Street (at Seymour)
Ridge Cinema • 3131 Arbutus at 16th
Sandy Cove • 1554 Marine Drive, West Vancouver
Smash Gallery • 160 West Cordova Street (at Cambie)
Speedy OTubbs • Fairview, Bellingham
Starlight Cinema • 935 Denman Street
Town Pump • 66 Water Street (Gastown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre • 1895 Venables Street (at Victoria)
Varsity Theatre • 4375 West 10th Avenue
Waterfront Front • 1405 Anderson Street (Granville Island)
Western Front • 303 East 8th Avenue
Wise Club • 1882 Adanac Street (At Victoria)
Yale • 1300 Granville (at Drake)

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Since their inception in the early 1980's, Sonic Youth has represented all that is truly adventurous in rock music. Spurning conventional rock song structures and standard guitar tunings, they have created a genre all their own. Since signing to a major label, their influence has grown even more, spurring on the mainstream successes of almost every other American independent band, whether it be Dinosaur Jr., Helmet, or Nirvana.

(Various Artists) • Afternoon Delight (SubPop Love Songs)

No matter what you say about SubPop Records, they certainly have a knack for putting together a compilation. Last year's *The Grunge Years* practically had laser holes burnt into it from the time it spent on our CD player. *Afternoon Delight* features tracks from Afghan Whigs, Smashing Pumpkins, Unrest, Come, Sebadoh, and numerous others—classic songs from rare singles and unreleased material. This is the perfect collection for picnics in the country or drinking root beer on the porch. You call it 'love rock'? We call it damn fine listening!

The Vaselines • The Way of the Vaselines

In the annals of 'new wave', the Vaselines would, by all accounts, be considered an obscurity. Coming from the Glasgow scene in the mid-1980's with the likes of the pastels, they were overlooked in all of the excitement stirred up by the Jesus and Mary Chain. Over the years their cult has grown to include a substantial number of fans, including Nirvana who loved the songs enough to perform three of them. Live and we record. This compilation includes all of these and a baker's dozen other tracks.

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